# Saturday Review

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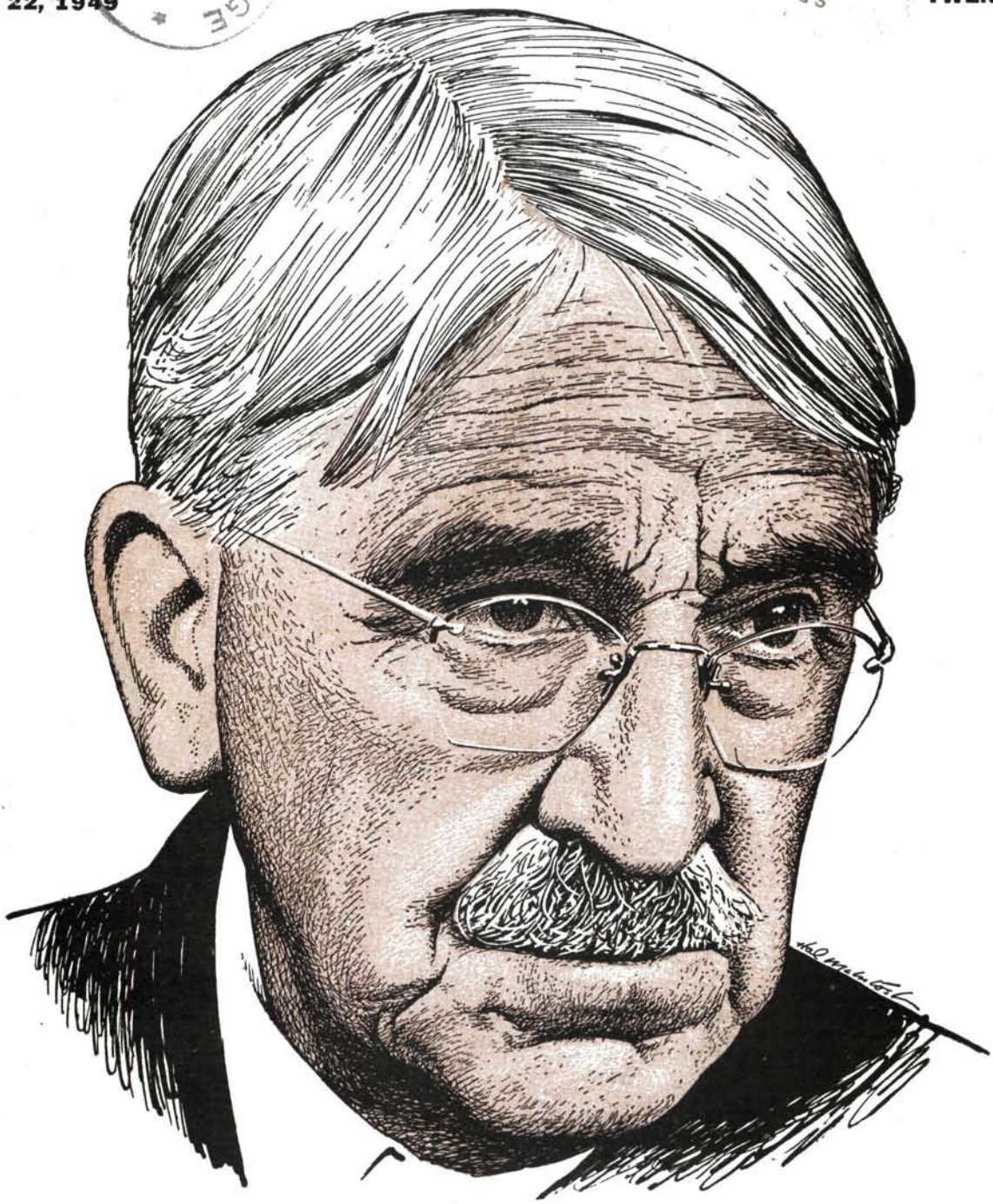

*John Dewey: "While saints are engaged in introspection, burly sinners run the world."* *(See page 9)*

## *John Dewey Issue*

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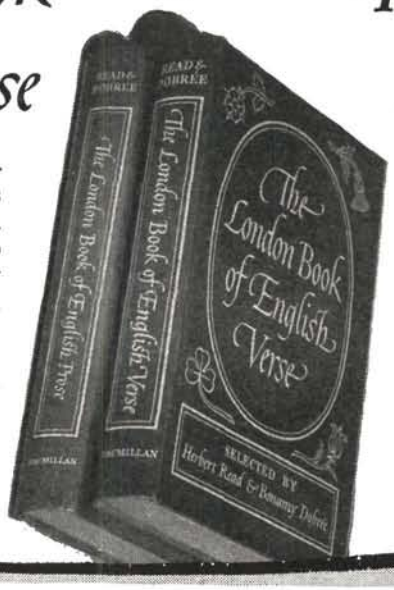
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# This Week

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## *John Dewey Issue*


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MORROW





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# TRADE Winds

**THREE NOVELS I** deeply enjoyed reading in recent weeks are Merle Miller's "The Sure Thing," Nigel Dennis's "A Sea Change," and James Neugass's "Rain of Ashes." The first two have been reviewed widely and enthusiastically, but the third has not received the attention it merits. It's a story of New Orleans, a little too lush in style and preoccupied with exotic Southern foods and beverages, but infinitely more engrossing than a dozen more highly publicized and successful sagas of the Crescent City. I picked it up originally because it is a recognizable if distorted picture of a family I know personally, but read it through in a single sitting because of the story itself. The author was a member of the family he was describing; his sudden death just a few weeks after the book appeared completed a tragedy of frustration and imaginary grievances. . . .

**THE NEXT ITEM** on my program of extra-curricular reading is John Brooks's "The Big Wheel," although Dick Simon claims he has found it necessary to tack up a sign outside his sanctum which reads, "Any author submitting still another novel about *Time*, *Life*, *The Reader's Digest*, or *The New Yorker* will be pitched out a ninth-story window." . . . Ralph McDermott claims that the rash of "official rules of canasta" is coming from the pens of all the unemployed writers who were turning out idylls of Vermont so diligently a short time ago. . . . Canasta is a wonderful pastime at that—the most exciting four-handed game that has come along in years. Oswald Jacoby's little dollar book on the subject (it's rolled up a sale of more than 200,000) strikes me as the clearest and most complete. We keep a copy at hand in the living room in my house to settle all arguments. . . .

**I'VE ALSO READ TWO** detectives stories lately. One of them, John Dickson Carr's "Below Suspicion," is a honey, with a real surprise ending; the other, Raymond Chandler's "The Little Sister," I'm sorry to say, let me down sadly. Chandler's earlier works, notably the thrilling "Farewell, My Lovely," had whetted my appetite for the long-delayed new one, but it turns out, in my opinion, to be almost a parody of his own style, whisking a parcel of unbelievable characters through a series of unbelievable situations, with the celebrated sleuth Philip Marlowe establishing once and for all the fact that he's the most gullible push-over in the annals of detective fiction. . . . Maybe Mr. Chandler's long lay-off has affected his timing and control. I'd like to see him regain his stride next time. I'd like even better to see the man to whom he's most often compared, Dashiell Hammett, exhibit any kind of stride at all. . . .

**THE FOREGOING** paragraph leads logically, as you will see, to a contribution from Jim Marshall, in Los Altos, called

### THE REBEL

What he was about to do gave him a feeling of acute embarrassment, almost of fright. He felt like a man ordering pea soup for dessert under the eye of Emily Post—like a child caught with a hand in the forbidden cookie jar.

Yet the room was familiar, nothing in it foretold that history—and slightly disgraceful history—was to be made in it this winter evening. There was the familiar wing chair, the fire logs flickering, the sleek cat dozing on the hearth. On the low table by the chair his favorite pipe and tobacco lay side by side, together with the latest whodunit, fresh today from the book shop. Whiskey, ice, soda were grouped together.

The wind howled outside and the storm flung soft snowflakes against the panes. He glanced out, shivered a little, and, drawing the drapes, stood gazing into the fire. No one could see him now—except the Private Eye of Conscience. With a shrug of his shoulders, he dropped into the chair, stretched out his legs to the blaze, and reached for his pipe. When it was going well he put his hand toward the table, hesitated, withdrew it. The old feeling of fright returned. For weeks he had planned this thing—and now. . . .

He'd have a drink. That would give him courage—false courage and momentary, perhaps. But still, courage. He poured whiskey into the glass, added an ice cube, reached for the seltzer, and then spurned it. He gulped down the liquor straight. The warmth ran through his body. Suddenly he felt brave—ready for the deed he had planned. To hell with what society would say! To hell with public opinion! Let them ostracize him. He felt like that fellow what's-his-name? defying the lightning.

He must do what he planned without delay, before the effect of the liquor wore off. He took another quick drink, and stretching out his hand, picked up the Whodunit, opened it and started reading the last chapter. . . .

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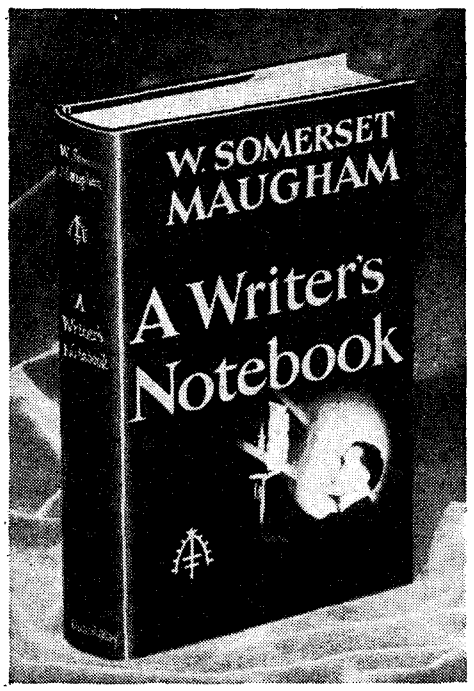


*To the shelf of great books he has written*

# W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

*adds:* "One of the most remarkable essays in self-evaluation I've ever read...at once a self-portrait and the source book of a versatile artist."—EDWARD WEEKS, *Atlantic Monthly*

**FIFTY-SEVEN years ago, W. Somerset Maugham made the first entry in his private notebook. Year by year as he matured, traveled, met people, he filled it with ideas for plays and stories, character studies, conversations, bits of philosophy, experience, and the impact of events upon him. Now A WRITER'S NOTEBOOK is published — his final work. The excerpts quoted below tell why it is being compared with another Maugham masterpiece, *The Summing Up.***

*1908. Success.* I don't believe it has had any effect on me. For one thing I always expected it, and when it came I accepted it as so natural that I didn't see anything to make a fuss about. Its only net value to me is that it has freed me from financial uncertainties that were never quite absent from my thoughts. I hated poverty. I hated having to scrape and save so as to make both ends meet. I don't think I'm so conceited as I was.

*Charlie Chaplin.* He is of an agreeable exterior. He has a neat figure. His features are good. His movements are singularly graceful. In a company in which he feels himself at ease he will play the fool with delightful abandon. He will extemporise dialogues between a couple of women in the Lambeth slums which are at once grotesque and moving. Their realism with all its implications is tragic for they suggest too near an acquaintance with poverty and squalor. I have a notion that he suffers from a nostalgia of the slums. To him the streets of southern London are the scene of frolic, gaiety and extravagant adventure. I can imagine him going into his own house and wondering what on earth he is doing in this strange man's dwelling.

*The Russian soul.* There is a deep streak of Masochism in Russians. Sacher Masoch was himself a Slav, and first drew notice to the malady in a volume of short stories which are not otherwise remarkable. Sacher Masoch insisted on his wife going for a trip with a lover while he, disguised as a footman, suffering agonies of jealousy, performed for the couple a variety of menial services.

*Sex.* One of the misfortunes of human beings is that they continue to have sexual desires long after they are sexually desirable. I suppose it is not improper that they should gratify them, but I think they would do better not to talk about it.

*The Holy Man.* I asked him how I could acquire the power of meditation. He told me to go into a darkened room, sit on the floor cross legged and fix my eyes on the flame of a candle, emptying my mind of every thought. He said that if I would do that for a quarter of an hour a day I should presently have some extraordinary experiences.

That evening I did as he had directed. I remained in that state for so long that I thought I must have by far exceeded the quarter of an hour he had prescribed. I looked at my watch. Three minutes had passed. It had seemed an eternity.

*Goodness.* If the good were only a little less heavy footed.

*The proudest thing a woman can say.* Mrs. Langtry made one remark which I think is the proudest thing I ever heard a woman say. The name of Freddy Gebhardt recurred frequently in her conversation one day, and I, to whom it was new, at last asked who he was. "You mean to say you've never heard of Freddy Gebhardt?" she cried with real astonishment. "Why he was the most celebrated man in two hemispheres." "Why?" I inquired. "Because I loved him," she answered.

# A WRITER'S NOTEBOOK

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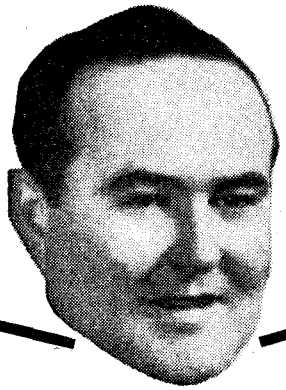

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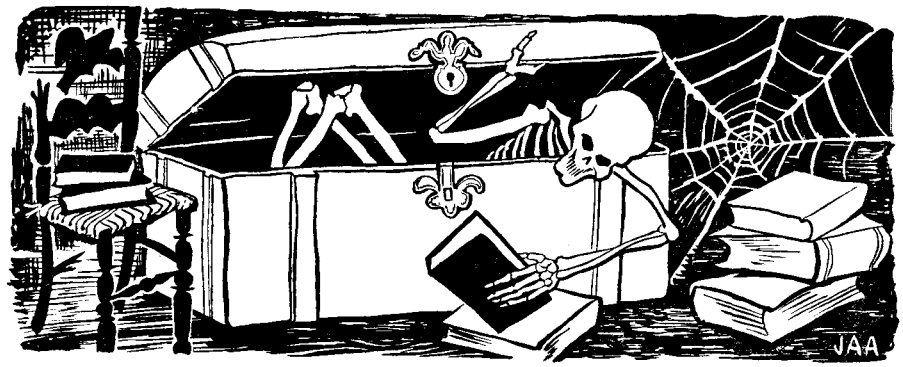


**BABES IN THE HOLLYWOODS.** . . . Ben Hecht sold Twentieth Century-Fox a scenario entitled "Concerning a Woman of Sin." Fox assigned the lead to Clifton Webb and made a minor alteration in the name. It is now called "Mr. Belvedere's Book of the Month." . . . An agent returned to his Sunset Strip office after an exhilarating trip to France and Italy. "What I like about Europe," he explained, "is that it's so Continental!" . . . When Danny Kaye visited George Bernard Shaw the latter told him, "I believe implicitly in the discipline of silence —and could talk for hours about it." . . . Marc Connelly took a beautiful young lady to a prevue. She wriggled silently for a spell but finally announced, "This picture is unadulterated nonsense." Connelly replied indignantly, "I happen to know it is based on an actual movie." . . . Louis B. Mayer, who has been in the driver's seat at M-G-M since Hollywood's chief attraction was an alligator and ostrich farm, takes a dim view of retiring in favor of a younger man. In fact, he showed Irving Hoffman this pertinent clipping from a Stephen Leacock volume that he keeps in the top drawer of his desk: "Let me give a word of advice to you young fellows who have been looking forward to retirement: Have nothing to do with it. Listen: it's like this. Have you ever been out for a late autumn walk in the closing part of the afternoon, and suddenly looked up to realize that the leaves have practically all gone? And the sun has set and the day gone before you knew it—and with that a cold wind blows across the landscape? That's retirement." . . .

**A REPORTER** for the *London Standard*, idling through Hyde Park, came upon a stalled automobile. A young woman was trying desperately to push it, while her male escort sat behind the wheel, futilely stamping his foot down upon the accelerator. A single spectator, motionless on the curb, obviously was deeply intrigued by the performance. What's more, the spectator turned out to be Somerset Maugham, who happily delivered himself of this sentiment: "How praiseworthy are the efforts of this splendid young woman! To rush gallantly to her aid would spoil the picture. I prefer to stand here transfixed with admiration. Say what you like about the dismemberment of the British Empire and the weakness of Great Britain: there can be no reason to fear for the nation as long as the women of England retain their magnificent virility." The *Standard* reporter asked the young woman who was trying to push the car if she cared to comment on Mr. Maugham's statement. She cared to and did—but the reporter decided not to reprint exactly what she said. . . .

**PIETRO DI DONATO,** author of "Christ in Concrete" and an expert bricklayer by trade, treasures an old clipping from *Tide* that is highly amusing if not entirely believable. It concerns an over-zealous foreman who spotted a pile of bricks on the third floor of an uncompleted building. The bricks didn't belong there, and, the day shift having gone home, he decided to remove them himself. In the shaft there was a barrel slung to a pulley. The foreman hoisted this barrel to the third floor, tied the rope to the ground, and climbed upstairs to pile the bricks into the barrel. This job completed, he descended and untied the rope. His intention was to lower the barrel gently to the ground, but his plan was frustrated by the following rapid-fire sequence of events:

1. The loaded barrel, which weighed a great deal more than the foreman, plunged down the shaft, while the flabbergasted foreman froze to the rope and shot up like a rocket.
2. When the barrel hit the ground the bottom fell out. This made the foreman heavier than the barrel and he crashed down on the bricks while the barrel flew up.
3. Understandably dazed, the foreman let go of the rope, so the barrel came down again—right on the foreman's noggin.

"Knocked him out cold," concludes Di Donato happily.

—Bennett Cerf.



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# *No one but Giovanna ever saw the miracle happen*

***yet seven people felt its power, and their lives were dramatically, inexplicably altered . . .***

Giovanna was a beggar girl. She was, perhaps, sixteen. No one knew where she had come from or what was her last name — not even Mario, who made his living by selling "American" cigarettes to naive tourists. Mario and Giovanna were part of the wrack and flotsam left in Italy after the tides of war had receded. Mario didn't want Giovanna around; she was bad for business; she prayed too much and she was always talking about the saints and the miracles she would make.

In the crowded, teeming Square they met Humphrey Hatton, who ran away from the woman he was sure he loved . . . Mrs. Crocker with her terrible anxiety that men wanted less than she could give . . . Hector Darwin, the American dilettante, who wanted to believe that Giovanna could make a miracle . . . Minotti, with much money and a too beautiful wife . . . Mrs. Pucci, whose private hell made the gates of prison seem like heaven . . . And in some way the lives of all of them were changed.

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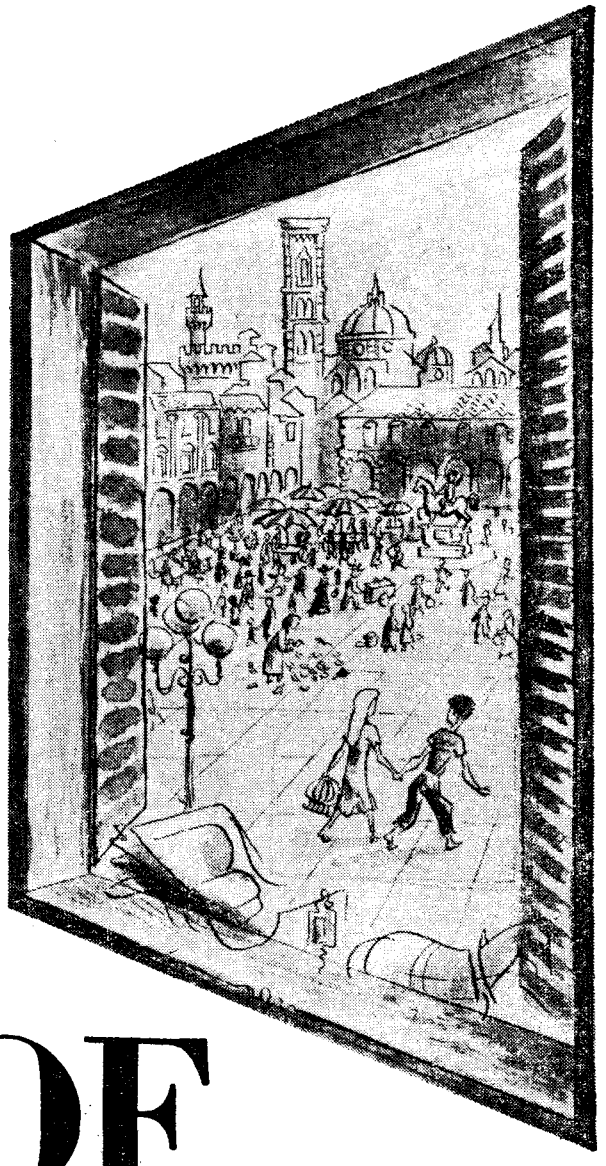

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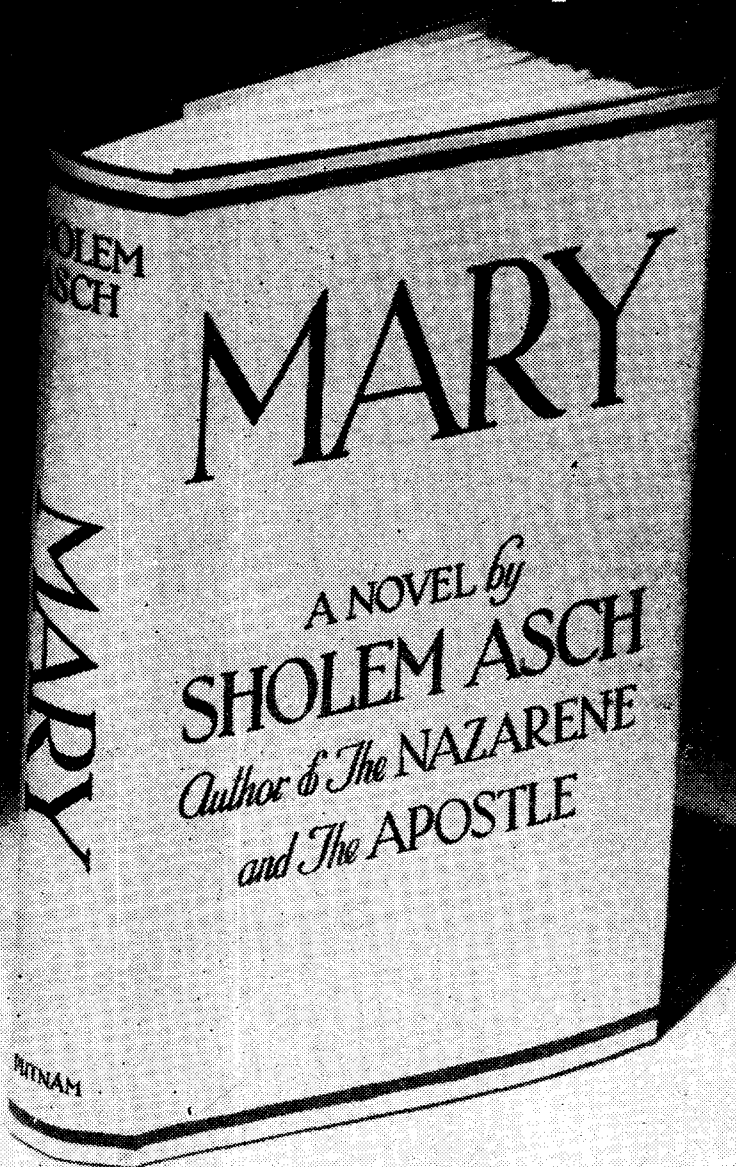


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*The Saturday Review of Literature*

# *The Philosopher-in-the-Making*

JOHN DEWEY

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Twenty years ago John Dewey contributed an autobiographical chapter to a volume on "Contemporary American Philosophy," edited by George P. Adams and William Pepperell Montague, and published by the Macmillan Company. This fragment of autobiography, which we reprint below, chronicles Dewey's formative experiences in the study of philosophy. It is perhaps the most succinct and revealing personal statement of his intellectual development and outlook yet to appear.*

IN THE late Seventies, when I was an undergraduate, "electives" were still unknown in the smaller New England colleges. But in the one I attended, the University of Vermont, the tradition of a "senior-year course" still subsisted. This course was regarded as a kind of intellectual coping to the structure erected in earlier years, or, at least, as an insertion of the keystone of the arch. It included courses in political economy, international law, history of civilization (Guizot), psychology, ethics, philosophy of religion (Butler's "Analogy"), logic, etc., not history of philosophy, save incidentally. The enumeration of these titles may not serve the purpose for which it is made; but the idea was that after three years of somewhat specialized study in languages and sciences, the last year was reserved for an introduction into serious intellectual topics of wide and deep significance—an introduction into the world of ideas. I doubt if in many cases it served its alleged end; however, it fell in with my own inclinations, and I have always been grateful for that year of my schooling. There was, however, one course in the previous year that had excited a taste that in retrospect may be called philosophical. That was a rather short course, without laboratory work, in physiology, a book of Huxley's being the text. It is difficult to speak with exactitude about what happened to me intellectually so many years ago, but I have an impression that there was derived from that study a sense of interdependence and interrelated unity that gave form to intellectual stirrings that had been previously inchoate, and created a kind of type or model of a view of things to which material in any field ought to conform. Subconsciously, at least, I was led to desire a world and a life that would have the same properties as had the human organism in the picture of it derived from study of Huxley's treatment. At all events, I got great stimulation from the study, more than from anything I had had contact with before; and as no desire was awakened in me to continue that particular branch of learning, I date from this time the awakening of a distinctive philosophic interest.

—*Enit Kaufman, courtesy The New York Historical Society.*

**John Dewey: "I have never been able to feel much optimism regarding the possibilities of 'higher' education when it is built upon warped and weak foundations."**

The University of Vermont rather prided itself upon its tradition in philosophy. One of its earlier teachers, Dr. Marsh, was almost the first person in the United States to venture upon the speculative and dubiously orthodox seas of German thinking—that of Kant, Schelling, and Hegel. The venture, to be sure, was made largely by way of Coleridge; Marsh edited an American edition of Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection." Even this degree of speculative generalization, in its somewhat obvious tendency to rationalize the body of Christian theological doctrines, created a flutter in ecclesiastical dovecots. In particular, a controversy was carried on between the Germanizing rationalizers and the orthodox representatives of the Scottish school of thought through the representatives of the latter at Princeton. I imagine—although it is a very long time since I have had any contact with this material—that the controversy still provides data for a section, if not a chapter, in the history of thought in this country.

Although the University retained pride in its pioneer work, and its atmosphere was for those days theologically "liberal"—of



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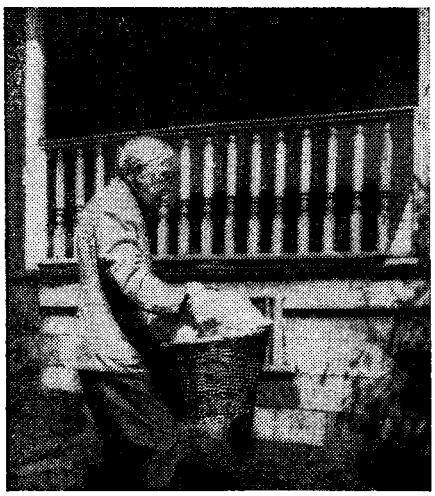
the Congregational type—the teaching of philosophy had become more restrained in tone, more influenced by the still dominant Scotch school. Its professor, Mr. H. A. P. Torrey, was a man of genuinely sensitive and cultivated mind, with marked esthetic interest and taste, which in a more congenial atmosphere than that of



—*Joseph Breitenbach.*

**"I have not been able to attach importance to religion as a philosophic problem."**

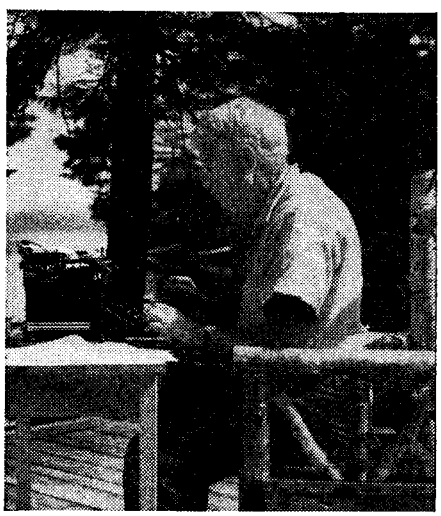
Northern New England in those days would have achieved something significant. He was, however, constitutionally timid, and never really let his mind go. I recall that, in a conversation I had with him a few years after graduation, he said: "Undoubtedly pantheism is the most satisfactory form of metaphysics intellectually, but it goes counter to religious faith." I fancy that remark told of an inner conflict that prevented his native capacity from coming to full fruition. His interest in philosophy, however, was genuine, not perfunctory; he was an excellent teacher, and I owe to him a double debt, that of turning my thoughts definitely to the study of philosophy as a life pursuit, and of a generous gift of time to me during a year devoted privately under his direction to a reading of classics in the history of philosophy and learning to read philosophic German. In our walks and talks during this year, after three years on my part of high-school teaching, he let his mind go much more freely than in the classroom, and revealed potentialities that might have placed him among the leaders in the development of a freer American philosophy—but the time for the latter had not yet come.

Teachers of philosophy were at that time, almost to a man, clergymen; the supposed requirements of religion, or theology, dominated the teaching of philosophy in most colleges. Just how and why Scotch philosophy lent itself so well to the exigencies of religion I cannot say; probably the causes were more extrinsic than intrinsic; but at all events there was a firm alliance established between religion and the cause of "intuition." It is probably impossible to recover at this date the almost sacrosanct air that enveloped the idea of intuitions; but somehow the cause of all holy and valuable things was supposed to stand or fall with the validity of intuitionalism; the only vital issue was that between intuitionalism and a sensational empiricism that explained away the reality of all higher objects. The story of this almost forgotten debate, once so urgent, is probably a factor in developing in me a certain skepticism about the depth and range of purely contemporary issues; it is likely that many of those which seem highly important today will also in a generation have receded to the status of the local and provincial. It also aided in generating a sense of the value of the history of philosophy; some of the claims made for this as a sole avenue of approach to the study of philosophic problems seem to me misdirected and injurious. But its value in giving perspective and a sense of proportion in relation to immediate contemporary issues can hardly be overestimated.

I do not mention this theological and intuitional phase because it had any lasting influence upon my own development, except negatively. I learned the terminology of an intuitional philosophy, but it did not go deep, and in no way did it satisfy what I was dimly reaching for. I was brought up in a conventionally evangelical atmosphere of the more "liberal" sort; and the struggles that later arose between acceptance of that faith and the discarding of traditional and institutional creeds came from personal experiences and not from the effects of philosophical teaching. It was not, in other words, in this respect that philosophy either appealed to me or influenced me—though I am not sure that Butler's "Analogy," with its cold logic and acute analysis, was not, in a reversed way, a factor in developing "skepticism."

During the year of private study, of which mention has been made, I decided to make philosophy my life-study, and accordingly went to Johns Hopkins the next year (1884) to enter upon that new thing, "graduate work." It was something of a risk; the work offered there was almost the only indication that there were likely to be any self-supporting jobs in the field of philosophy for others than clergymen. Aside from the effect of my study with Professor Torrey, another influence moved me to undertake the risk. During the years after graduation I had kept up philosophical readings and I had even written a few articles which I sent to Dr. W. T. Harris, the well-known Hegelian, and the editor of the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, the only philosophic journal in the country at that time, as he and his group formed almost the only group of laymen devoted to philosophy for non-theological reasons. In sending an article I asked Dr. Harris for advice as to the possibility of my successfully prosecuting philosophic studies. His reply was so encouraging that it was a distinct factor in deciding me to try philosophy as a professional career.

The articles sent were, as I recall them, highly schematic and formal; they were couched in the language of intuitionalism; of Hegel I was then ignorant. My deeper interests had not as yet been met, and in the absence of subject-matter that would correspond to them, the only topics at my command were such as were capable of a merely formal treatment. I imagine that my development has been controlled largely by a struggle between a native inclination toward the schematic and formally logical, and those incidents of personal experience that compelled me to take account of actual material. Probably there is in the consciously articulated ideas of every thinker an over-weighting of just those things that are contrary to his natural tendencies, an emphasis



—*Robert Norwood.*

**"Acquaintance with Hegel has left a permanent deposit in my thinking."**

upon those things that are contrary to his intrinsic bent, and which, therefore, he has to struggle to bring to expression, while the native bent, on the other hand, can take care of itself. Anyway, a case might be made

(*Continued on page* 39)



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—*Joseph Breitenbach.*

**The philosopher (with Mrs. Dewey and their adopted children, John Jr., and Adrienne) seen in his natural summer habitat; Maple Lodge, Nova Scotia (1949).**

# *Laboratory for "Personhood"*

## JOHN L. CHILDS

IN 1894 President Harper, of the newly founded University of Chicago, invited John Dewey to become head of its Department of Philosophy and Psychology. Dewey replied that he would accept the appointment providing the department could be reorganized so as to include the subject of pedagogy. His proposal was approved, and Dewey resigned as professor of philosophy at the University of Michigan to become the head of the Department of Philosophy, Psychology, and Pedagogy at the University of Chicago.

In making his novel request Dewey was moved by three considerations. He was convinced that the education of teachers was a task worthy of the serious attention of a graduate school and that pedagogy should be recognized as one of the major "disciplines" of the modern university. He was also beginning to develop a new orientation in philosophy and psychology, and he was concerned to put his theories to the test of action in a "laboratory" school. This desire to organize a "laboratory" school, moreover, was in line with his view that the crucial test of philosophical conceptions is to be found in their bearing on human conduct, and that we can best get at their significance for conduct by noting the difference they make in the way we go about the nurture of the young.

In all of this Dewey is in the tradition of Socrates and Plato. He believes with them that philosophy should be conceived as a public, not merely a private, affair, and that there is an intimate connection between the philosophy of a human group and its program for the education of its children. In his "Democracy and Education," one of the most mature books ever written on education, Dewey sets forth his conception of the relation of philosophy to education:

> Education offers a vantage ground from which to penetrate to the human, as distinct from the technical, significance of philosophic discussions. . . . If a theory makes no difference in educational endeavor, it must be artificial. . . . If we are willing to conceive education as the process of forming fundamental dispositions, intellectual and emotional, toward nature and fellow men, philosophy may even be defined *as the general theory of education*. Unless a philosophy is to remain symbolic—or verbal—or a sentimental indulgence for a few, or else mere arbitrary dogma its auditing of past experience and its program of values must take effect in conduct. . . . Education is the laboratory in which philosophic distinctions become concrete and are tested.

The foregoing statement also throws light on Dewey's view of the nature of deliberate, or organized, education. An interpretation which asks us "to conceive education as the process of forming fundamental dispositions, intellectual and emotional, toward nature and fellow men" is clearly not one that assumes "baby knows best," and that each child should be left alone to develop in his own way. On the contrary, this view recognizes that schools are founded by adults because they want to make of their young something other and better than they would become if left to themselves and their cultural surroundings.

Dewey, to be sure, has stated that the aim of education should be "to teach the child to think, not what to think." In "Democracy and Education," he also asserts "that life is development, and that developing, growing is life. Translated into its educational equivalents this means (i) that the educational process has no end beyond itself; it is its own end; and that (ii) the educational process is one of continual reorganizing, reconstructing, transforming. . . . Since in reality there is nothing to which growth is relative save more growth, there is nothing to which education is subordinate save more education." These educational views which tend to emphasize process rather than product, along with Dewey's emphasis on respect for the individuality of each child, on the importance of taking account of the actual interests of the child, on the centrality of method in education and the value of purposeful activity, as well as his belief that the ultimate aim of education is to develop a person who can assume responsibility for continuing his own education, have led some to assume that Dewey regards all deliberate effort to direct and weight the course of the experiencing and learning of the child as a form of arbitrary and undesirable adult imposition. The "new education" has suffered much from those who have thus misconstrued the moral implications of Dewey's educational position.

To have genuine respect for the individuality of the child and to recognize that his growth is the supreme educational end need not lead one to the notion that the immature human being is qualified to define the



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lines of his own development. All that Dewey has written about the role of culture in the genesis of human personality is opposed to the view that the distinctive human characteristics and competencies are given at birth and unfold according to predetermined principles of development. Nor does respect for the interests and felt needs of the child justify the conclusion that educators should be indifferent to knowledge, and to all that man has learned and conserved in culture as a result of that which he has suffered, enjoyed, and undergone. Education may well be viewed as a process in which the cultural achievements of man are appraised and sifted, but education is more than criticism, it is also a process in which adults assume moral responsibility for transmitting to the young that which they regard as worthful in their culture. This responsibility is written into the very constitution of the process by which the child matures and achieves the forms of his personhood.

Nor can educators escape responsibility for cultural evaluation and moral judgment by saying that education is a *social* undertaking. Dewey himself has pointed out that "society is one word, but many things," and that "the conception of education as a social process and function has no definite meaning until we define the kind of society we have in mind." To recognize that our *educational* selections are, in the last analysis, *social* selections, can help us become more intelligent about what is involved in the making of these selections, but it in no way releases adults from the responsibility of choosing the particular patterns of group life and thought in which the young are to be nurtured.

Certainly, the Dewey who pioneered in the "new" education at the University of Chicago was not a member of the cult which holds that education for individuality and freedom denotes a curriculum that provides for "a free flow of experiences and acts which are immediately and sensationally appealing, but which lead to nothing in particular." The heart of the curriculum problem, according to Dewey, is "to find those things in the direct experience of the young which are the roots out of which can grow more elaborate technical and organized knowledge in later years." In an article in which Dewey thirty-five years later reviews the experiment of the Chicago school, he declares "that there is as much adult imposition in a 'hands off' policy as in any other course, since by adoption of that course the elders decide

(*Continued on page* 36)

# *Apprentice Citizens*

## WILLIAM H. KILPATRICK

ON OCTOBER 20, 1949, American education will celebrate the birthday of one whom it most delights to honor.

John Dewey is at once the foremost philosopher in the history of America, its greatest educational thinker, and—many so judge—our most distinguished citizen. His influence on

education is unequaled both in extent and in depth. Each public-school child in our country lives a happier and a better life because of Dewey, and the same holds for most pupils of the non-public schools. And not simply in this country; in most other countries of the world is his influence felt.

Pestalozzi had prepared the ground. Froebel and Herbart had helped. Horace Mann, Henry Barnard, William T. Harris, Stanley Hall, Francis W. Parker, and others had carried America further along the Pestalozzi road. But one thing was lacking. No one of these men, nor all combined, had given an adequate theory for a thoroughgoing democratic, science-respecting education. This Professor Dewey has done. Not that his statement is final. Exactly no. The essence of his theory is that education must continue to grow, grow in the individual, and grow as a part of the culture.

What shall we name as the outstanding features of Dewey's contribution?

1. That all institutions, all social and individual enterprises, must be finally judged by their educative effect on all involved. We must then ask of every political institution, every economic arrangement, every philosophy, each social custom, each personal habit and attitude, every school effort: Does this so develop all affected that they thereby become better prepared to face life's varied possibilities open-mindedly, responsibly, and effectively? This is the strategic test of all social arrangements.

2. When the same test is applied to school aims and procedures, many thoroughgoing changes are demanded in the older outlook:

(1) Education must cease to aim primarily at the content of books and instead aim at character and personality.

(2) The means for building character and personality will be present, actual living as real and vital as we can together effect. Today's rich living brings growth, and so richer living tomorrow and still further growing. This school will use books, more than formerly, but always as means to richer present living.

(3) The child's interests give the surest sign and symptom of his growing power. Our part is to discover the constructive powers thus indicated and guide accordingly. Through interest the child identifies himself with the necessary effort. The resulting fruit of such interested effort is discipline, the power of continued consistent response.

(4) Education thus becomes such ever continuing reconstruction of present experience as adds new meanings to the process, while it widens and deepens the social content and, at the same time, gives to the individual better control over his further experience.

(5) Only as education utilizes the social possibilities of both school and community can we hope to get our needed intelligent and responsible citizenship.

(6) All affected by a decision should share in making that decision—this is essential democracy. A proper education becomes accordingly the best, if not the sole safeguard, against dictatorship and the police state. In the light of all the foregoing, the obligation of a community to education becomes its paramount social duty.

*William H. Kilpatrick, eminent educator, is professor emeritus at Teachers College of Columbia University.*



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# The Making of Free, Responsible Citizens

## 1. Without Lock-step . . .

HOW has John Dewey influenced the elementary schools? We remember the lock-step, "left right, left right" which even now is practised in some places. We remember the dead silences in classrooms, recalled with some nostalgia even today by some of our colleagues. We remember the "hands-behind-your-back" school of discipline. We recall the painfully precise copybook in immature little hands. We remember the dull primer, full of phonetic progressions, utterly unrelated to the experiences and interests of the youngster who was supposedly being initiated into the realm of fancy, fiction, and literature. We remember the long lists of isolated events and duties which were called history and geography, the crowded, overwhelming maps, the formidable close type in textbooks, the poorly chosen and poorly executed illustrations. These recollections are only outward manifestations of educational thinking, which has undergone a profound change.

Thanks to John Dewey, modes of discipline, subject matter, methods of presentation, and the very *climate* of the elementary school have changed.

Long before Hitler and Stalin came upon the world stage, long before our democratic heritage was threatened by a world war, long before we were plunged into a world torn by conflicting ideologies, John Dewey brought to the teachers of this country and to the teachers of other countries a new concept of their profession, a new responsibility—education for democracy, democracy in education.

He shattered the ivory tower and brought the school into the life of the community. He enhanced the value of the individual, the child as well as the teacher. With characteristic optimism he discovered qualities of great promise in the native qualities of human nature. He asserted that only those who wished to justify the exercise of authority took a pessimistic view of the constitution of human nature.

The present approach to our young children excludes the authoritarian approach to child guidance and counsel and teaching. We have moved out of the rigidities and disciplines characteristic of our schools in the not too distant past. Indeed, some Dewey enthusiasts, recognizing the importance of developing the full promise of the individual, went to such lengths that he was moved to plead protection from his friends. But these had learned only half the lesson. They ignored what to Dewey is of great importance, that one of the elements of human nature is the satisfaction derived from a *sense of sharing in creative activities*. It took the early interpreters some time to appreciate the whole picture fully, the full development of the child as an individual as well as a social being.

The vanguard in educational practices is still struggling with the problem of creating a school which will fulfil both of these promises. Many mistakes have been made and more undoubtedly will be made. But it is probably safe to say we shall never again retreat to the unreal and grim authoritarian atmosphere which existed in the school of the past.

However, many administrators who have taken Dewey seriously when considering the child have yet to appreciate that the teacher is also an individual worthy of respect and dignity. Only the teacher who is mature and satisfied that he is sharing in creative education can appreciate his function as a teacher within the framework of Dewey's concepts.

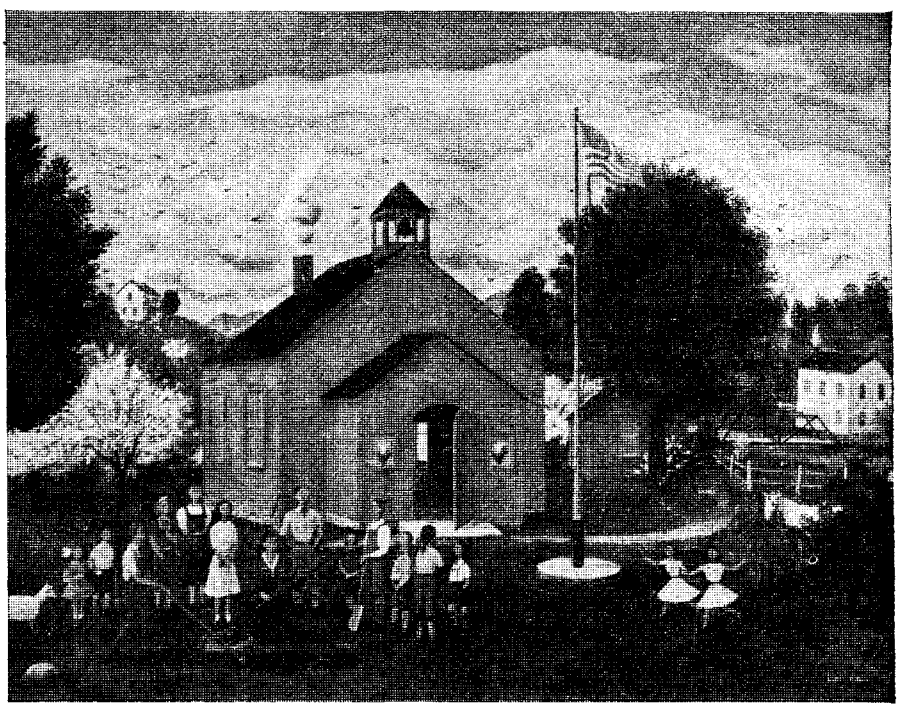
We, as teachers and as citizens, may sometimes be tempted to find an easier way, the dictator's way. The impressive humility of John Dewey, his unending search for truth, his deep appreciation of his fellow men and his appeal to us to believe in them, too, will guide us until we find ourselves on firm ground, more secure in our profession and more satisfied with our performance in the schools of America.

—REBECCA M. SIMONSON.

*Rebecca M. Simonson teaches sixth grade at P. S. 61, The Bronx, N. Y., and is president of the New York Teachers' Guild, Local 2, American Federation of Teachers (AFL).*

## 2. Learning by Doing

PERHAPS because of the pressures of the colleges from above, high schools have changed their traditional pattern more slowly than have elementary schools. They are still, by and large, primarily concerned with subject matter, and their teachers have been selected because they presumably have a thorough knowledge of a limited subject-matter field. And so it seems to me that the spirit of Dewey's philosophy has not permeated high-school teaching as it has that of the elementary schools. I wish this were not so,



*—From "Contemporary American Painting."*

**"Arbor Day," by Doris Lee.**



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for where Dewey's philosophy has been more than superficially understood schools and pupils have greatly benefited. To many teachers, administrators, and lay people Dewey's educational philosophy has been interpreted as an "activity program" or as "projects." And, strangely enough, the excesses of so-called progressive education have been laid at the door of John Dewey, when the schools themselves have been far from practising the Dewey philosophy. For the heart and core of Dewey are in the development of a socially responsible adult, not a rank individualist.

For Dewey, experience projects are not ends in themselves but are the means by which we offer young people opportunities for reflective thought. According to Dewey, "the important thing is the method of educative experience." Dewey held, as has been pointed out, that we learn by doing, by solving problems, and that truth must be tested by experience. Such learning is basically social. Society must benefit by this increasing knowledge and experiment. To learn to live well in a democracy, children must practise democracy in a learning situation.

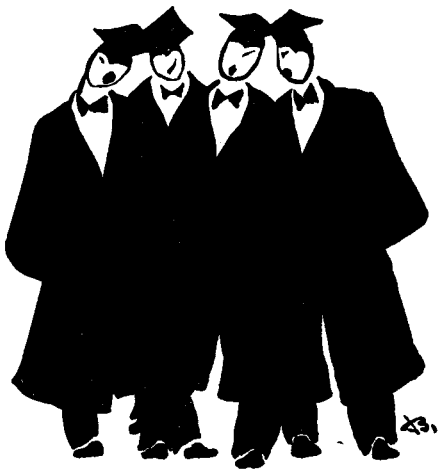
How many high schools provide the climate of democracy which Dewey has in mind? Take, for example, the typical student council, whose function it is to carry out the wishes of the administration and assume the more unpleasant tasks of discipline. Teachers can match the story of the student council which brought constructive suggestions to the principal for improving lunchroom conditions and was reminded that the sole responsibility of the council was to see that the lunchroom floor was not littered with paper. That is not what Dewey means by learning by doing. Or at any rate, what is being learned is not democracy.

Neither would Dewey approve, it seems to me, the "activities programs" in some so-called progressive high schools, where activity seems to be an end in itself and the more of it the better. An activity program is the legitimate offspring of Dr. Dewey's theories, it is true. But it must be one which encourages, as Dr. John Childs has said, "that consecutive and cumulative ordering of experience which leads to the progressive enrichment of meaning and to added power of control over self and environment. Hence, educational activity must not be confused with mere muscular movement or busy work, much less with the momentary impulses and whims of children." Dr. Dewey has himself vigorously condemned the idea that activity is the sole vehicle of learning. For him, reflective thinking, abstract thinking, is the highest type of thinking, and the purpose of education is to produce men who can do it. This, it seems to me, is what the high schools of today, which are consciously trying to modernize their approach to education, tend to overlook. Neither projects nor vocational training is the heart of Dewey's goal, but rather free, self-disciplined responsible citizens of a democratic world. His ideas, formulated many years ago, were a time bomb destructive to complacency, and the high schools are feeling its explosive power.

—Florence Sweeney.

*The above article is based on Florence Sweeney's everyday experience with John Dewey's educational principles as a high-school teacher in Detroit.*

## 3. *Participants in Life*



USUALLY new ideas are welcomed first of all in the elementary schools, get a subsequent, kindly reception in the secondary schools, and —later—are grudgingly admitted (I should say *rationed*) to our institutions of higher learning. There are hundreds of colleges and universities in this nation where John Dewey is still an unknown prophet, and where implementation of his ideas is even considered dangerous. But ideas are weapons; they have a way of making themselves felt; and the ideas of John Dewey have pierced the academic curtain in many institutions of higher learning in the United States.

Evidence of the influence of John Dewey upon these institutions can be found wherever there is use of the problem and project methods; wherever slavery to the textbook system has been abolished; wherever hard and fast subject-matter lines have been broken; wherever the authoritarian relationship between teacher and student has been changed to a democratic one; wherever unified social studies and general area courses have been established—there the influence of John Dewey has broken through. And wherever, in the administration of the college itself, the former hierarchies of authority have vanished, and faculty committees and faculty self-rule have appeared—there, also, the ideas of John Dewey have left their mark.

If one has to summarize in one word the influence of John Dewey upon higher education in America, "participation" would be that word. Dewey emphasized again and again that the essence of democracy was the participation of the citizen in all the areas of political and social activity. This was the sign of a truly democratic society; this participation not only developed and matured the personality of the individual citizen, but also improved and perfected the state.

In the same way "participation" becomes the sign by which we identify the influence of John Dewey upon a college or a university. Does the student participate in the planning and activity of the course? Does the student participate in the management of student affairs in the institution? Do the faculty members participate in the curriculum planning and administration of the university? Wherever these questions are answered in the affirmative—there, again, we know that the ideas of John Dewey have shown their strength.

Since many of the assumptions of responsibility—on the part of the students in a class, and on the part of faculty members in an administration —have come about in many of our institutions of higher learning, we can justly say that Dewey's influence in these phases of American education is alive and thriving. What greater tribute can a philosopher have?

—A. A. Suppan.

*Professor A. A. Suppan teaches English and philosophy at State Teachers College, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.*

## *Youth and Age*

**By Eric Wilson Barker**

THAT bird all moods of heaven drew forth
And harmed but could not kill,
Against the bars that bind the breast
Storms not, but flutters still.



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# *Unraveling an Idea*

*EVOLUTION AND THE FOUNDERS OF PRAGMATISM. By Philip P. Wiener. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.* 288 *pp.* $5.

By Brand Blanshard

JOHN DEWEY was born in 1859, the year of Darwin's "Origin of Species," and someone has described him by the title of one of his books: "The Influence of Darwin on Philosophy." The central idea of his pragmatism does seem to have come straight from evolutionary theory. That idea is that thinking, like our other activities, is a tool generated by the organism as a means of adjusting itself to nature, and that truth is the success of this effort. The idea belongs by right to Dewey because he has worked it out so completely, but of course he did not conjure it out of a vacuum; in his youth the air was full of talk of what evolution meant for religion, morals, and philosophy. What Mr. Wiener does here, and very well indeed, is trace the roots of the pragmatic idea to its seeds in these discussions of the Sixties and Seventies.

The center of the story lies in a little "Metaphysical Club" that met in its members' rooms in Cambridge. The club had no membership list, and was so informal that some of its members were not aware that it existed. But among those who took part in its discussions were some of the most remarkable minds of their time, including two, namely Peirce and James, who were founding fathers of pragmatism. Mr. Wiener selects a half dozen or so of its members and shows in separate chapters what each contributed to the pragmatic pool.

First there was Chauncey Wright, a brave but forgotten figure, who insisted that evolution was a scientific issue that had to be decided on its own merits and not by appeal to speculation or faith. Such insistence was needed. Even so eminent a scientist as Agassiz denounced the Darwinian doctrine on theological grounds and wrote, "I trust to outlive this mania." Then there was Charles Sanders Peirce, the strange genius who was ignored in his time and is now taking posthumous revenge by making himself a vogue. His main contribution to pragmatism lay in two definitions which had to do with clarity and truth. When is an idea clear, the idea of God, for instance? It is clear, Peirce replied, when we know the difference it would make in our experience if God did exist. What do we mean by truth? Peirce answered: "The opinion which is fated to be ultimately agreed to by all who investigate is what we mean by the truth." Neither of these definitions has stood the test of time. But anyone who accepted them found himself already more than half way on the road to pragmatism.

Two other members of the group were John Fiske and the younger Holmes. It is good at this late day to find an appreciation of Fiske; he was a remarkable man; I recall reading in a letter that Darwin wrote to him: "You are the clearest writer, and therefore thinker, that I have read." Fiske, like Spencer, made evolution a cosmic creed, though he discerned God behind the scenes where Spencer put the unknowable. He conceived evolution as progress and thought the coming of utopia could be established by something like demonstration. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., "the great dissenter," dissented here too. Nothing about the world seemed to him necessary; "I believe," he said, "that we can *bet* on the behavior of the universe in its contact with us. So I describe myself as a *bet*-abilitarian." Neither in this book nor elsewhere does Holmes seem to me the attractive figure that he appears to be to so many; there is too much of the cynic about him. "I used to say, when I was young," he writes, "that truth was the majority vote of that nation that could lick all the others," and his mature view that truth is the power of a thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the market, though better, still seems crude.

By far the most attractive figure in the group is William James. He was not, of course, a consistent thinker; and Mr. Wiener faithfully shows how he embraced both sides of various contradictions, how he believed in psychological law and yet accepted an unpredictable free will, how he tried to be tough-minded and yet fell into what his critics called "a crass supernaturalism," how he believed in evolution as the selection and survival of the useful and yet clung to such inutilities as religion and art and speculation as the most valuable things of all. James, like Dewey, believed that evolution led on to pragmatism, and once he had placed his great gifts of persuasion at the disposal of the new doctrine, the movement was securely launched.

Dr. Wiener leaves no doubt where he stands himself. He not only thinks these pioneers were great men; he thinks that in the main they were right. They "freed thought from the incubus of the theological dogma, authoritarianism, and *a priori* rationalism. In short, as a result of their studies American liberalism came to philosophical maturity." Is this too generous an estimate? Perhaps. But someone has said that if you are to write a man's biography, you should like him; otherwise you are sure to get it wrong. Dr. Wiener likes his subjects, and because he does they receive full justice at his hands.

# *Harvest of Wisdom*

*KNOWING AND THE KNOWN. John Dewey and Arthur F. Bentley. Boston: The Beacon Press.* 334 *pp.* $4.

*THE WIT AND WISDOM OF JOHN DEWEY. Edited by A. H. Johnson. The same.* 120 *pp.* $2.

By Harold A. Larrabee

JOHN DEWEY has given us all the privilege of living in the same country and the same century with a great philosopher. At ninety he is still growing and helping others to grow. The man who has long been the foremost philosophic apostle of practising what one preaches is just as consistent as ever in following his own good advice. Intellectual liberation remains his chief objective, and "growth leading to further growth" in long-run understanding continues to be his primary concern.

As the spotlight of national and international publicity has shifted, he has been in and out of its glare on many occasions, but his course has never been determined by the fashions of the moment. His calm yet zealous devotion to the ideal of creative intelligence in action during a long and war-torn lifetime provides a yardstick by which to measure the transient hucksterings and hysterias of lesser minds. Yet, even in his tenth decade, there is nothing of Olympian aloofness about the man. He has earned the right to be a detached spectator of the human procession many times over. But, for John Dewey, to live is to keep on thinking and acting up to the limit of one's powers.

Twenty years ago the celebration of his seventieth birthday was preceded by a thundering salvo of vol-

(*Continued on page* 44)



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**Belles-Lettres.** *It has been a favorite practice during the past few decades for European men of letters to publish their journals. In his preface to "A Writer's Notebook" (reviewed below) Somerset Maugham tells of the "Journal" of Jules Renard, which created a literary scandal in France when it was posthumously published. Maugham might also have mentioned, among other famous works of this genre, the "Journals of André Gide," the "Journals of Arnold Bennett," and the nine "Ego" volumes by the English critic James Agate. Often these informal jottings possess far greater interest than their author's more contrived writing. In publishing his "Notebook" Maugham warns that it is merely a collection of literary raw material, not a diary in the strict sense of the word. But sprinkled throughout the volume are Maugham's reactions to people and places. . . . Another opportunity to examine a writer's workshop is offered in the correspondence of "Mark Twain to Mrs. Fairbanks."*

# *Maughamana, 1892–1949*

***A WRITER'S NOTEBOOK.*** *By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: Doubleday & Co. 367 pp. $4.*

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

MR. MAUGHAM, one of the world's leading writers of fiction, has now reached the age of seventy-five. He has already (1938) published his autobiographical "The Summing Up." Here he gives us a selection of material from his notebooks kept over many years. "My notebooks amounted to fifteen stoutish volumes, but . . . I have reduced them to one no longer than many a novel. . . . I publish it because I am interested in the technique of literary production and in the process of creation . . . ." His preface is graceful and modest.

The variety of material to be found in this volume makes it a delightful bedside book. The one detail that I think should not have been omitted is an index, for the sake of convenient reference. Mr. Maugham's mind, though more thoroughly skeptical than my own, is one I find agreeable, amusing, and entirely civilized. And his abilities as a teller of tales are of a high order. The penetrating nature of his observation of the world finds an instance at once in his preface, in discussing peculiarities of the literary life in France, where every clique gives violent battle to every other. His first notebook is dated 1892, and he was then eighteen. Several years afterward he was at St. Thomas's hospital studying medicine. His then landlady furnished a figure for his far later "Cakes and Ale," a book I have always thought rather too malicious, though not in respect to Mrs. Foreman!

But the only echo of that strain that I find in this book is—slightly—a remark concerning Hugh Walpole, along with a kind and generous estimate of Charles Garvice! Yet Mr. Maugham's discussion of popular novel writing, and how it is impossible to do the thing with the tongue in the cheek, is the whole truth.

Gifted with a sound constitution and the true novelist's curiosity about people, Maugham has explored life in many countries and climes with unflagging interest. The free-thinking young Maugham was shy but astute, though it rather shocks one to read the verdict of *aetat twenty-six* that:

> Might is right. There is no such thing as duty or moral obligation. In itself one course of action is as justifiable as another; the well-being of the state is the only standard of ethics. The relation between the individual and the state is a tacit contract: the individual for certain advantages to himself behaves in a way advantageous to the state.

The totalitarian would heartily indorse this statement, but in 1900 the totalitarian was not even upon the horizon. Toward the end of the book Maugham returns to meditation upon this theme, stating the obvious truth that power is what wins in war, saying that our enemies had courage, loyalty, and patriotism, and that if they had won

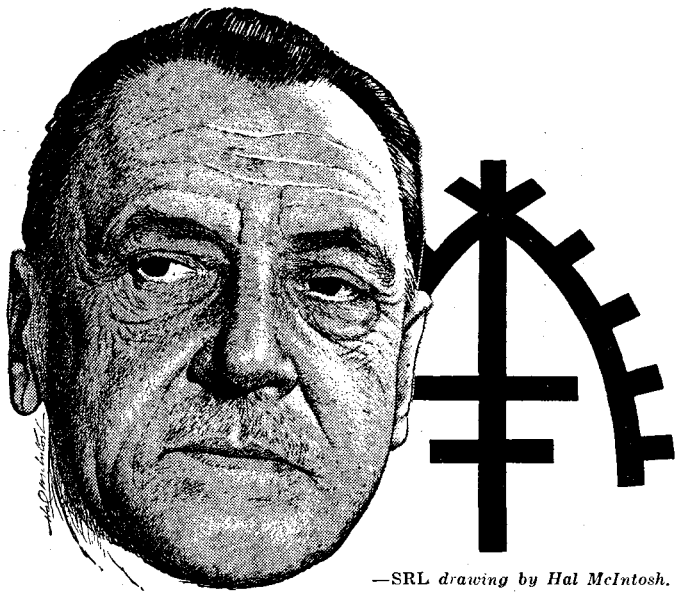
> in a hundred years these values of theirs would have been no less unquestioningly accepted than the values we cherish now are accepted by the unthinking in our countries. It is a cruel saying that might is right, and all our prejudices lead us to deny it, but it is true. The moral is that a nation must make very sure that it has the might to defend its own conception of right.

But there is also, in my own view, something called "anima mundi" that operates throughout history, something of which such flat common sense takes little or no account.

This is, perhaps, giving too much space to only one reference in the book. Several times, as in the youthful judgements upon Maupassant and Turgeniev, the later Maugham corrects the earlier in an italic note. And in his later pages he remarks that when we rebuke the dogmatism and intolerance of youth we forget that at that age most of us "were just as silly, dogmatic, arrogant, and conceited.' His speculations on religion (he was once attracted to Hinduism) and on various ideas of God and the soul come in large part toward the end of the book, as is natural. As to fame, when a gushing lady asked him how it felt to be famous he thought later:

> It's like having a string of pearls given you. It's nice, but after a while, if you think of it at all, it's only to wonder if they're real or cultured.

There are many as pleasingly dry observations scattered through the book. There are many remarkable portraits of people—not the famous ones he has known, for it never occurred to him



—SRL *drawing by Hal McIntosh.*

**Somerset Maugham: "Might is right."**



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to jot down very much about them, but those who might serve as characters for novels. In 1917 the novelist was sent to Russia on a secret mission, and the pages that treat of that country and its literature are especially interesting today. Page 111 contains the three notes upon which, he says, "I constructed a story called 'Rain'." Today "shilling shockers" in their American equivalent solace him, and he has a good word to say for them. A perfect jotting of "situation" concerns, on page 263, a woman reading her lover's letter at a house-party. A strikingly told account of a struggle with the tidal flood known as a "bore" reminds one of his story in which this watery phenomenon is a prime factor. Anecdotes of Mrs. Langtry, and of the woman in Texas who wanted Major Tompkins, are in their different ways memorable, as is the account of his discovery of certain Gauguin paintings near Papeete. There are unforgettable notes concerning Maugham's medical service in the First World War. There are brief descriptions of great beauty, and shrewd sketches for possible stories, one of the best being about the lonely young man on a tea-plantation who buys a letter from his friend.

But this book is a rich fruit-cake of good reading, tart and mellow, not to be assessed from a bit nibbled here or there!

# *Object and Image*

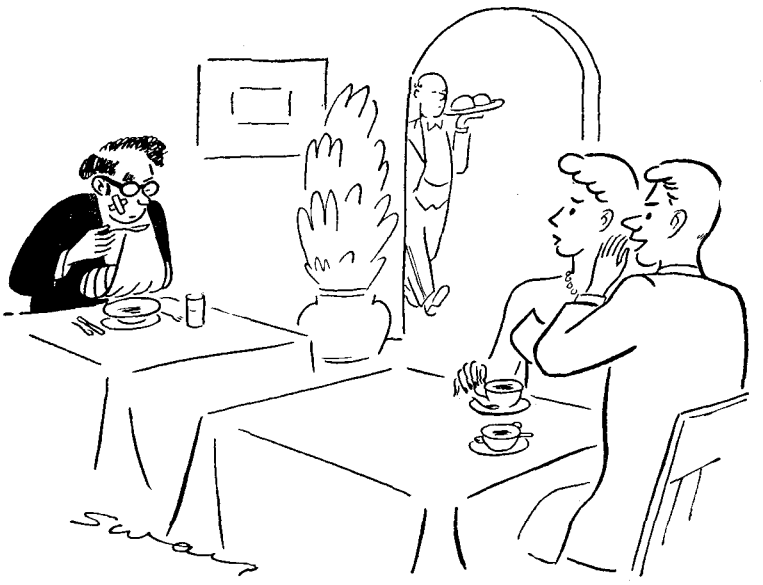
By Evelyn Ames

LIKE an oriole among spring branches
It appeared. Where, a moment before
Nothing between you, look or word
Revealed it, there was now this song,
This blazing bird.

Though you both saw that visitation,
You acted as if it were not there
But in the presence of its flame,
She who remained beside you, was
No longer the same:

Was not herself, nor the reflection
She had met daily behind glass,
But one more beautiful and wise,—
More nearly like the fabulous creature
She found in your eyes.

And you who held up to her gaze
This likeness of what she could become,
Received in trust the gift of power
Which will decide if she shall be
Herself in flower.



"He wrote a sensational novel, but, unfortunately, his characters were not coincidental."

# *Clemens and His "Other Mother"*

*MARK TWAIN TO MRS. FAIRBANKS. Edited by Dixon Wecter. San Marino, Calif.: Huntington Library.* 286 *pp.* $5.

By Robert Halsband

IN 1867 Mark Twain embarked on the steamship *Quaker City* for a tour of the Mediterranean and the Holy Land. On that voyage he wrote the newspaper dispatches which he gathered to make his "Innocents Abroad," published two years later. He also met Mrs. Mary Mason Fairbanks, a Cleveland newspaper owner's wife and a cultivated amateur penwoman. During their friendship, which continued until her death in 1898, he sent her a series of letters now printed and edited for the first time. They fall into three groups: those relating to his courtship of Livy, to his new household, and to the busy, troubled years of his mature career.

They are not at all self-conscious "literary" letters. In them he bounces and struts, healthily displaying all the exuberance and resiliency of his personality. He played a role with Mrs. Fairbanks, just as every letter writer does with his correspondent. With her he is the rough boy out of the West (a Lochinvar invading Elmira, New York), filially devoted to his "other Mother," as he called her, and eager to confide, to learn, and to please. "Don't be afraid to write sermons," he begs her, "I am perfectly willing not only to receive them but to try to profit by them." He related to her his aspirations, marital as well as literary; and the concern for his writing which he shows in these letters proves how seriously he took the problems of his craft.

His submission, in literary matters, to Mrs. Fairbanks's tact and taste is one of the most illuminating aspects of his correspondence with her, for it relates to one of the controversial questions of his career. Van Wyck Brooks has set forth the contention—later refuted by De Voto—that Livy exerted her gentility on Twain's flowering genius and suppressed him from becoming the American Rabelais. Yet here, two years before he married Livy, he writes to Mrs. Fairbanks about a lecture he was to give: "I'll expunge every word you want scratched out, cheerfully." And four years after he married, with Livy joining him in his attachment to Mrs. Fairbanks, he writes to the latter: ". . . you & she are my severest critics." The truth seems to be, and it is borne out by his literary submission to William Dean Howells, that Twain was so eager to improve his writing that he invited, and usually accepted, the advice of those whose education and refinement he respected.

Mr. Wecter's editing is in all ways a superb job. He knits the letters together with a narrative which is unobtrusive yet which keeps the letters from seeming to be, as indeed they are, fragments scattered over a long range of time and topic. He provides supporting documentation from published and unpublished Twainiana; and in judging any controversial issues, he looks with the judicious and accurate eye of a perfect umpire. Such editing, along with such excellent printing, is a happy circumstance for Twain's correspondence.



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# *The Philosopher As a Man of Action*

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following guest editorial is by Mark Starr, who, in his work as educational director of the International Ladies' Garment Worker's Union and in adult education generally, has for many years been applying the teachings of John Dewey, a long-time associate. Mr. Starr has broadcast and lectured about Dr. Dewey's principles, and in* 1946 *he was Inglis Lecturer at Harvard on "Labor Looks at Education." He is also author of "Lies and Hate in Education."*

DEWEY rejected education as mere explanation and underpinning for the status quo. To him education is the agency for change, the instrument of instruments to help not only the pupil unfold his capacities but also for that pupil to help his social group unfold, and thus be an agent in never-ending beneficial social change.

Not in any ivory tower above the battle but in the free fight of competitive ideas would truth emerge. Teachers should be free to examine challenging and critical ideas and study economic and social questions. Learning by rote of accepted dogmas must be replaced by the unending quest for knowledge. Ideals of individual and material success in cut-throat competitive individualism would be changed to community well-being secured by cooperation between well-informed citizens. Participating students, accustomed to group activity and planning, would become participating citizens to create community welfare, with no danger of becoming leaners on the government.

The teacher would not climb on the pedestal of professional pride, but would recognize himself as a worker and insist on the right to organize. Education dare not end with the formalities of graduation but be a continuous process through appropriate public facilities for adult education. The essence of democracy consists of self-discipline and self-criticism.

Dewey might be regarded as an intellectual commando infiltrating into the regimentalists, defending the old battle positions, and blasting away their corroding self-satisfaction. He was never content to be the cloistered pedant. Dewey, the reformer, following his own theory of uniting ideas and action, is a story by itself. He has always belonged to the American Federation of Teachers despite his cooperation with the National Education Association even before it had changed its attitude on salaries and conditions. He has always been proud to link himself with the trade unions of the American Federation of Labor through his AFT connection.

He took sides on hot questions. Neither the Clericals, the Communists, the NAM, nor the varied sorts of dictators support Dewey's insistence upon the use of free discussion to end in fearless action. Dewey was active in the Seabury investigation to expose Tammany Hall corruption in New York civic life. When New York teachers were accused of subversive activity after World War I, Dewey was active in their defense. While currently recognizing the unfitness of Communist Party members to teach, he also warns against hysterical action "bound to have indirect consequences—more harmful in the end than the evils guarded against."

When Brookwood Labor College in 1928 was under fire by the American Federation of Labor for alleged radical teaching, Dewey spoke publicly, protesting against the attempt to throttle free inquiry and criticism of labor's sacred cows. When the intellectual underworld of New York City was able, by pressure upon La Guardia, to prevent Bertrand Russell from taking up the post to which he had been appointed at CCNY, Dewey joined the protest. Some forty-one years ago Dewey stated forcefully the dangers of released time for religious study and of state support for sectarian schools.

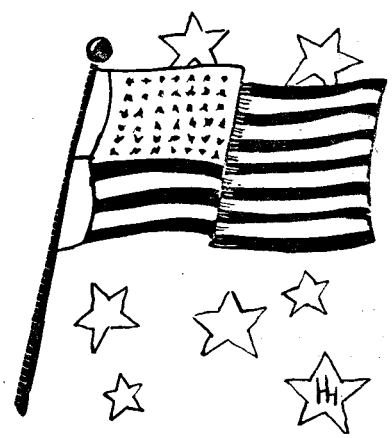
In international affairs he has also taken a fearless stand against the red and black totalitarians. When others found excuses he protested the purges which followed the Moscow trials of 1938. Dewey defended the Trotskyites in Minneapolis when the Communists applauded the application of the Smith Act now being used against twelve of their leaders in Judge Medina's court. He joined the committee which investigated Trotsky's assassination in Mexico. He knows too much to be used as an "innocent" for dubious causes and conferences. He protested when the Czechs drove out the Sudeten Germans after World War II.

He wrote and spoke for the League for Industrial Democracy, of which he still remains the president emeritus, advocating education for a new social order. Most recently, he joined a committee investigating and educating for the possibilities of a new political alignment in the United States and made effective, searching criticism of the Wallace Third Party movement. By his contributions to *The Liberal*, he regards the Liberal Party in New York State as part of the vital center for progressives.

DEWEY'S record of activity should stimulate efforts to tackle two basic challenges of our times: the problem of a better understanding in industrial relations between management and labor and the problem of understanding between the nations and the creating of an effective United Nations. If education, as in the Marxian view, merely reflects economic interests, it becomes an agency in the struggle between capital and labor. If, as Dewey suggests, education is the process of problem-solving, education should examine the blocks in communication between apparently antagonistic groups and endeavor to find out what they have in common.

In the second instance there should be a frank examination of national sovereignty and of Communist and Fascist ideologies relative to democratic ideals. And in the same healthy pattern cooperative action would result from cooperative thought.

—MARK STARR.





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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### Cardinal Mindszenty

SIR: Some Catholic, if he has a mind to, can cope with the attack on the Church in Joseph A. Murphy's letter [*SRL* Oct. 1]. As a Jew I am interested in his attack on Cardinal Mindszenty.

There is no record, Mr. Murphy asserts, that the Cardinal ever did anything for the persecuted Jews of my native land. Where has Mr. Murphy been? The Cardinal's record for human justice is listed in detail in my book "Cardinal Mindszenty" [*SRL* July 30]. His pastoral letters and public utterances have been authentically collected in the documentary book "Cardinal Mindszenty Speaks" [*SRL* July 30] published by Longmans, Green & Co.

"What is on the record," according to your correspondent, is "Mindszenty's rabidly anti-Semitic feeling reported by both the *New York Herald Tribune* (Feb. 13, 1946) and CBS (Feb. 13, 1946)." CBS has no record of any such broadcast. A search of the *New York Herald Tribune* for Feb. 13, 1946 supplies the following item:

> Budapest, Feb. 11, delayed (UP). Several hundred Hungarian Fascists cheering the names of Archbishop and Cardinal-designate Joseph Mindszenty and former Fascist Premier Béla Imrédy and Ferenc Szálasi, brawled in the streets here Sunday with Social-Democrats and Communists.

Where is the "record" of the Cardinal's rabidly anti-Semitic feeling here? What happened in Budapest on February 11, if Mr. Murphy really wants to know, is not told in the UP delayed (and censored) dispatch. The Cardinal's famous "Tartar" sermon of two weeks before had infuriated the Communists. The sermon was a strong attack against the Russian occupation in the disguise of a description of the Tartar invasion and occupation of 1241. Everyone knew that when the Cardinal said "Tartar" he meant Russian. The Communist secret police under László Rajk resolved to destroy the Cardinal's influence, for—as the non-denominational Religious News Service reported—after the sermon people walked through the streets shouting, "Bravo our Cardinal, the bravest man in Hungary." Agents provocateurs were sent to mingle with the crowd coming out of the church after listening to the Cardinal's sermon on Sunday February 11. They set up a rhyming shout coupling the names of Mindszenty and Imrédy. No one was fooled except people like Mr. Murphy who seem to want to be fooled.

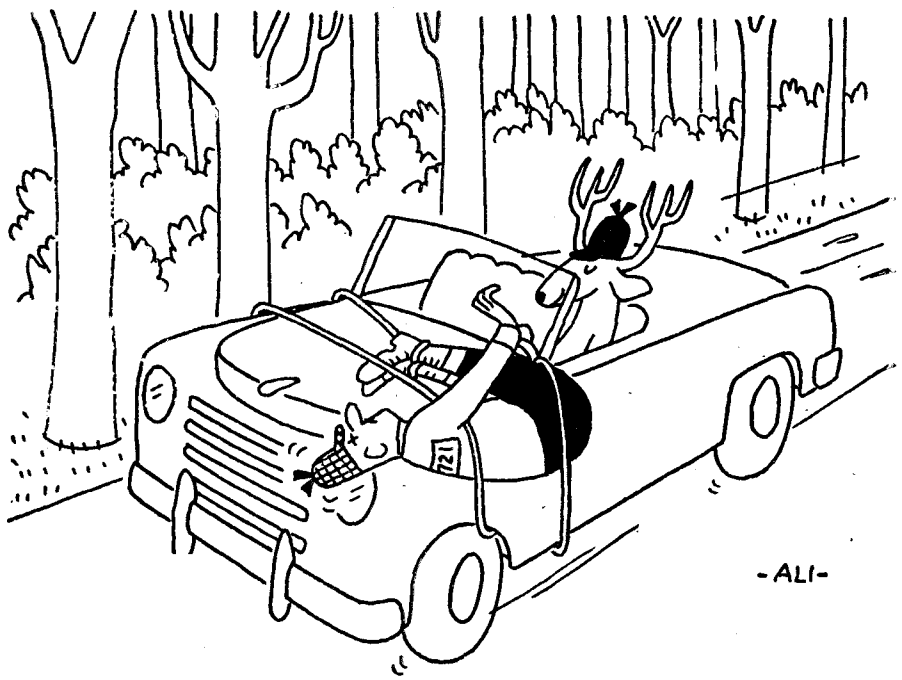
The Cardinal and the Jews? Mindszenty organized the movement, described in my book, that saved 130,000 Jews in Budapest alone. The Jewish Board of Hungary risked Rákosi's rage for remembering that fact.

I have in my pocket a letter from the Cardinal to a friend of mine, a photostat of which I am willing to send to Mr. Murphy or to the doubtful Mr. Talbert, whose letter also appears in the same issue. Mindszenty's letter is dated June 14, 1938. Mindszenty was being sued for writing in his newspaper, *Zalavármegye*, that the Hungarian Nazi leader Alexander Festetich got 80,000 dollars through Baron Tibor Collas from Hitler. The money was being used for propaganda in Hungary. Mindszenty wrote to my friend asking for ammunition to help his case supporting evidence of their vicious doctrine and evil acts.

Of course, anyone who attacks Communism, such as Cardinal Mindszenty, is listed as a Nazi. My record of years in the concentration camps of Auschwitz, Sachenhausen, and Ohrdruf does not save me from being called a Nazi or a Fascist. According to this terminology everybody is either a Nazi or a Fascist who is not a Communist or a fellow traveler. The Nazis in Hungary now have secure jobs with the Communist regime in Budapest. One of them, Vilmos Olty, presided at the trial of Mindszenty where the official government photographer took the picture of the disoriented Cardinal. The picture, whose genuineness Mr. Talbert doubts, was distributed by the State Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Iván Boldizsár, and was published in all the newspapers of Budapest. It was published to terrify people. Brave Mr. Talbert. Brave Mr. Murphy. Who is worried about Communism? Not they. What terrifies the democratic forces of Hungary and all other European countries is the obtuseness of certain Americans like Mr. Murphy and Mr. Talbert.

BÉLA FABIAN.

New York, N. Y.




### On Catholicism

SIR: W. A. Williams in his attack on Catholic patriotism [LETTERS, *SRL* Oct. 8] wonders about the alleged large percentage of Catholics in the Axis armies in the past war. He seems unaware, or just ignores the fact, that Catholics made up the largest percentage of the American armed forces in the same war in comparison with the other major faiths.

I think we might also have found Mr. Williams doing the goose-step in the Wehrmacht if he were in Germany during the war and could not escape. Incidentally, Catholics also proportionately made up the largest part of the displaced persons after the war.

WILLIAM G. SCHMIDT, JR.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: In *SRL* of Sept. 24 I read a letter, under the title (ironical) "Treasury of Divine Wisdom," signed by a Ralph R. Sackley. Mr. Sackley is, of his own admission, anti-Catholic, and, like all anti-something, he seems to become slightly hysterical when it becomes a question of his pet bugbear. . . . Now, Mr. Sackley is entitled to his own opinion, as are the other illustrious gentlemen, including the presidents, whom he mentions; but since Mr. Sackley specifically quotes H. G. Wells, I venture to suggest that he glance again at Wells's "Experiment in Autobiography." On page 486 of this delightful book he will come across the following statement: "Here [in the Vatican], quite plainly, is a great system engaged in a vital effort to comprehend its expanding universe and sustain a coordinating conception of human activities. That easy word 'superstition' does not cover a tithe of it." And on the next page: "I have lived for many years in open controversy with Catholicism and though, naturally enough, I have sometimes been insulted by indignant zealots, I have found the ordinary Catholic controversialist a fair fighter and a civilized man—worthy of that



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great cultural system within which such minds as Leonardo and Michelangelo could develop and find expression."

CARLO BEUF.

Big Horn, Wyo.

### "Place Called Estherville"

SIR: In Harrison Smith's excellent review of Erskine Caldwell's new book, "Place Called Estherville" [*SRL* Sept. 10] he voices an opinion of this author's works which is shared by a great many more people than Mr. Smith is probably aware of. Mr. Smith, therefore, will be glad to know that there is, indeed, a place called Estherville, in the county of Emmet, Iowa, and will anticipate this community's reaction to Mr. Caldwell with a certain degree of unholy joy.

M. KUHLMANN.

Jackson Heights, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Smith wrote: "Almost any critic who attempts to be fair about any of Mr. Caldwell's latest books has to curb his wrath at his obvious attempt to get a laugh out of the sick souls, the moral delinquents, rapists, idiots, and sadists whom he has turned into cartoon strips of citizens of the South."*

### A Dynaflow and Moral Integrity

SIR: Between your article "A Study in Misunderstanding," by A. Den Doolaard, and your review of André Gide's "The Fruits of the Earth" [*SRL* Sept. 24] you managed to articulate a dilemma that faces many "average Americans."

Mr. Doolaard is anxious to have our country prove itself the America of Jefferson, Lincoln, Rosenwald, the humble schoolmaster, and the old farmer. He pleads eloquently and understandingly against our becoming irrevocably the "America which the illusionists believe in."

But I have one point to add to Mr. Doolaard's analysis of our nation and our destiny: It is no less difficult for the average American—despite the comparative wealth of this nation—to decide between God and Mammon, or between a Dynaflow and moral integrity if you will, than it is for the average European. Perhaps it is true that "America today is the world's giant." It is also true that "the income of the average American is little more than $1,400 a year. There lies the difficulty. You stated it in your magazine, more concisely than I could, in the review "Early Gidian Bible." Your reviewer remarks: "Gide's doctrine, as his life, rests solidly upon a basis that Gide never mentions: the possession of a good, secure income."

It is upon the "angry men" and the "mighty pressure groups" of America that many of us average Americans must depend for our living. While our Constitution guarantees that we shall not be thrown into jail for expressing our convictions, I can give you several instances from my own experience of economic discrimination against persons whose ideals conflicted with the interests of the "angry men." The sad truth, Mr. Doolaard, is that we Americans, too, drool at the thought of amassing enough money to buy one of those Dynaflows or take one of those "pointed-bosomed" girls to the World Series. Sometimes these very human ambitions stand in the way of our speaking out too loudly in defense of the America most of us, in our hearts, hope may remain.

ELAINE ATKINSON.

Des Plaines, Ill.

### Guilt of Hiroshima

SIR: Having flown twenty-six B-29 missions over Japan, I have carried a guilty conscience for several years. First, because of the indiscriminate fashion with which we used to burn out slum areas with fire bombs; second, because of the atom bomb itself, and what I feel was its unwarranted and needless use.

Your article "Hiroshima—Four Years Later" [*SRL* Sept. 17] was interesting enough as far as it went, but it also presented an easy way to soothe an elusive feeling of collective guilt. I know I can't buy back my teen-age ideals for a small sum, but everything is worth trying today. So, I enclose my check to pay for one orphan for one year. If I can afford it, I'll carry on further.

LAWRENCE L. MALIS.

Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR: In the spring of 1946 I flew over Hiroshima on my way from Shanghai to Tokyo for a conference. The memory of Hiroshima from the air—just a tremendous area of what looked like paved brickyards for miles and miles with two lone buildings standing in the midst—has always been terrifying in its implications. The utter destruction I saw on the ride from Atsugi air base to Tokyo I could take in my stride, but not the other. . . . Because I feel a little extra obligation to those Hiroshima orphans I am enclosing my check to take care of one child for a year. I should like to continue that care and shall hope to get particulars from you.

HELEN S. ARTHUR.

Kent, O.

SIR: A tragically small tax payment for my own share in the guilt of belonging to a race which dropped the first atom bomb. I don't see how Norman Cousins had the courage even to go to Hiroshima.

MARY F. L. LEWIS.

Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR: I, for one, have long felt a personal sense of guilt for America's seeming neglect of her moral responsibility toward Hiroshima's citizens. I think the plan for the moral adoption of orphans an excellent one, and I should like to be one of the first to become a "foster parent" to one of these less fortunate children.

NORMA E. INTRAVAIA.

San Francisco, Calif.

### Statement from Professor Kallen

SIR: Your issue of September 3 contains two comments on my review of Paul Blanshard's "American Freedom and Catholic Power" [*SRL* July 30]. One infers that the notice is too "neutral" and "not a responsible consideration of the book." The other inquires how I could even attempt to infer, since Blanshard is the author of certain articles in the *Nation*, etc., that his book is "an objective study

of the Catholic Church in America."

In view of these comments, I find it needful to put on record why I wrote the review as I did and what happened afterward.

I am probably alone among the book's reviewers who made no reference to the articles in the *Nation*. I believe them to be entirely irrelevant to a fair consideration of the book. So, also, is the controversy set off by the subsequent un-American banning of the *Nation* from the public schools. No book can be justly appraised on its attendant contingencies. A responsible review must first and last report what a book says and how reliably and readably it makes its communication. If, in addition, it reports the reviewer's preferences, it cannot, in the limited space usually allowed him, do so, save in the form of an *ipse dixit*. I was allowed, if I remember correctly, 800 words. It seemed to me that the best use I could make of them was to tell what Mr. Blanshard said, and on what authority. It seemed to me that this would be more likely to bring the book the serious attention it deserves from both Catholics and non-Catholics than if I intruded my own preferences.

But after I had sent the review in I decided that a report by itself was not sufficient. I therefore wrote the editor asking him to append to the review a closing statement worded, so far as I can recall, as follows: "Space does not permit analytical discussion of Mr. Blanshard's data and argument. I can only say that this book is one which all loyal Americans, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, have a duty to read and to ponder."

Some time later, I received a letter from someone on the editorial staff telling me that it had been decided to have an additional review by a liberal Catholic, and enclosing a proof of my own notice, which he asked me to amplify with commentary. I replied that I had already sent in the concluding sentences quoted above and that they should be added to the review.

When the piece was at last published, not only did it fail to contain the lines quoted; there had also been deleted the concluding sentence of the fifth paragraph, which the proof contained, *viz.*: "At the very least, he is likely to be smeared as 'anti-Catholic,' 'bigot,' 'totalitarian'."

I am given to understand that these sentences were deleted solely for reasons of limitations of space, not because of editorial scruples. I am considerably relieved, but I think it only fair that the readers of *SRL* should know these facts.

HORACE M. KALLEN.

New York, N. Y.



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**Americana.** *When you look out the train window and discover that the railroad station has two waiting rooms marked "White" and "Colored," you know you are in the South. To a Northerner this tangible evidence of segregation always comes as a shock, no matter how well prepared he is for it. To many Southerners segregation is accepted as the most natural of phenomena and perfectly in keeping with the "Southern Tradition." But not to all. Lillian Smith, whose "Strange Fruit" was a best-selling novel of five years ago, is one of the shining exceptions. In "Killers of the Dream" (reviewed below) she offers a penetrating "psychoanalysis of the mind of the South." . . . A borderline city between North and South serves as the locale of Elliot Paul's latest volume of reminiscences. "My Old Kentucky Home" tells of Louisville, particularly its shadier aspects, as it was forty years ago.*

# *The Mind of the South*

*KILLERS OF THE DREAM. By Lillian Smith. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 256 pp. $3.*

By Homer P. Rainey

THE subtitle for this volume should be "A Psychoanalysis of the Mind of the South." Many studies of the South have been made and hundreds of books have tried to explain the South and what makes it tick. We have had all kinds of theses and explanations and apologies, and none of them has ever quite satisfied. We have left all of them feeling that they were good as far as they went, but that they never went quite far enough, and always left us feeling that the real problem was being dodged. But here is a book that is different from any other one that has been written about the South. Here is a book that goes to the heart of the matter. When one has finished reading this thesis about the South he will say, "This is it—this is what I have been waiting to hear." This is an honest book written from an honest heart. It has come out of great tribulation and an honest searching for truth. The author has psychoanalyzed her own soul with great integrity, and, in doing so, has torn away the masks for the rest of us.

The real trouble with the South is the terrible curse of segregation. A whole people have accepted the lie of racial superiority, and have built walls around themselves that make the Iron Curtain of Russia look like a four-inch mesh fishing net. They have built up something called "Southern Tradition," which is far more powerful and effective in holding a whole people in line than all the Gestapos and Politburos known to Fascism and Communism. Moreover, this tradition is passed on from one generation to another by an "educational system" more effective than any known to man. It is taught to children in their homes, at their mother's knee, around the fireside. Doors in children's minds are closed so early that they are not aware that they are closed until later in life when they begin to think for themselves. They are sealed so hard and fast that when they would want to open them they are powerless against the great Tradition, because the Tradition is supported by the most powerful of social and psychological forces. There are laws that divide a whole society into white and colored —separate schools, separate churches, segregation in buses, trains, parks, beaches, ad infinitum. But there are mores and customs even more powerful than laws. There are politicians and demagogues who play upon these deep-seated emotions and prejudices. There are masses of "poor whites" who have been given the special task of keeping the "nigger" in his place. There is a form of Christianity in the South which has divorced itself from reality, and which seems to see no relationship between teachings and practice. There is a bargain between the business leaders of the North and the political leaders of the South, struck in 1876, which permits the South to handle the "Negro problem" in its own way in return for the privilege of exploiting the unparalleled abundance and variety of natural resources in the South.

The results are tragic. Says the author: "There have been excellent books written on Southern waste of soil and manpower and forests and minerals, but the wasting away of the nature of man has been the South's greatest loss. . . . Body and mind, imagination and conscience, dreams and the skill of hands have washed away in the gullies made by anxiety and fear and hate and greed. What a thin, empty shell we have left. . . . For nearly two centuries white supremacy and Christian asceticism of a crude naive kind combined with isolation and poverty to destroy the vast talent that was dormant among

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white Southerners, leaving our region as bereft of art, music and dance, ideas and books, as any group of civilized people probably in all the world."

But a change is on the way, even though it is slow and "sometimes rough going among the homefolks." Feelings and attitudes are changing, and writers like this one are more and more beginning to speak their real beliefs and not those of the Southern Tradition. In such honesty as is revealed in this study lies the beginning of better things for the South.

*Homer P. Rainey is president of Stephens College at Columbia, Mo.*

# A Lackadaisical Louisville

*MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME. By Elliot Paul. New York: Random House.* 438 *pp.* $3.75.

By Thomas D. Clark

ELLIOT PAUL'S Louisville of 1909 was a lackadaisical river town that tolerated a generous amount of vice as a necessary social phenomenon. The author came South as a clerk from a Boston firm of sewer contractors, and it was from this social position that he reveled in a full and abandoned year of the city's life. Much can be said factually about Louisville forty years ago. If it appeared sleepy to the author it was actually as a giant whose movements were slow but powerful. Its economic tentacles were being clasped tightly about a rich Southern market. Louisville and Nashville freight trains rushed in and out with loads of goods worth millions of dollars monthly. Alert Fourth Street merchants were stringing their prosperous modern houses along this fairly new business thoroughfare to catch a widely dispersed carriage trade. Even the Green and Market Street madams appreciated the basic importance of Louisville's trade. Main Street, once one of the most important markets below the Ohio, yielded ground to the era of change, and was falling into a state of dowdy decay.

Old families deserted ancient homesteads on Chestnut, Floyd, Second, and Third streets, and moved to flourishing neighborhoods among the wooded hills up River Road and in Cherokee Park. Heralding this change was the *Courier-Journal*. Every morning it fell on Kentucky doorsteps to inform Kentuckians what happened the day before. Colonel Henry Watterson's editorials were words from a Democratic Mount Sinai. He spoke with vigor on all subjects, and his personal taste was a social example for Kentucky. Knowing something of his personal habits, this reviewer can hardly see Marse Henry moving in the same orbit with a sewer company's clerk. It was never a widely publicized fact that the *Courier's* editor frequented places where jazz music's first discordant notes raised brothel roofs.

The author's center of activity was a three-story boarding house on West Chestnut Street. Here was gathered a company as varied in interests and motives as a wayward bus's passenger list. Donna Guillermina, Spanish lady, and her daughter, Adela, were to share with Paul many of his Louisville experiences. Members of the Irby family, their colored servants, a half score of boarders, and the author's employers were his other close associates. At the Irby boarding house, moral barriers sometimes seemed to fall away as casually as crumbs fell from the main table. Racial lines in one or two instances were badly snarled, and the young Bostonian saw at least one example of Southern shame.

The more intimate scenes of Elliot Paul's social activity in Louisville seem to have been in the Market, Green, Jackson, Ninth, and Tenth streets. According to Wentworth's "Souvenir Sporting Guide," published for the convenience of the Grand Army of the Republic, this was a region where "married" folk attending the encampment could relax amidst all the intimate comforts of home. Jefferson County Grand Jury reports and *Courier-Journal* editorials still speak harshly of the Market and Jefferson Street areas, where life continues to flow with the same wild heedlessness of the nearby Ohio.

Clearly, the passage of forty years has played havoc with Mr. Paul's memory. He carelessly mixes up place names. For instance, residents of Crescent Hill will hardly forgive his calling their community Chestnut Hills. Probably the mentally afflicted at Lakeland Insane Asylum will be more charitable with his name Lakewood. Even the slightest reference to a Louisville Directory for 1909 and 1910 would have refreshed the author's faltering memory. After forty years, a memory which has suffered remarkable geographical lapses seeks to recall human impulses, snatches of conversation, and to reconstruct situations which the author never knew first hand. There seems to be evidence that fictitious members have been added to families, which materially shakes confidence in the author's ob-

# Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

CUTE AS A BUG'S EAR

Fannie Gross, of Asheville, N. C., lists in column one descriptive phrases found in the works of twenty famous authors. Column two contains what is being described by the authors. Can you match them up? Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of fifty is par, sixty is very good, and seventy or better is excellent. Answers on page 25.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. Black as the pit | ( ) A poem |
| 2. Busie as a bee | ( ) Care |
| 3. Chaste as ice | ( ) Enough |
| 4. Cold as paddocks | ( ) I |
| 5. Dewy as the morning | ( ) Loves |
| 6. Fierce as ten furies | ( ) Merry Margaret |
| 7. Fleeting as bubbles | ( ) My either hand |
| 8. Gentle as falcon | ( ) Naught |
| 9. Good as a feast | ( ) Night |
| 10. Kind as your young eyes | ( ) Old age |
| 11. Light as a feather | ( ) Olde man |
| 12. Lovely as a Lapland night | ( ) Order |
| 13. Perfect as a star | ( ) Roses |
| 14. Quiet as a nun's face | ( ) Shins |
| 15. Shiny like pearls | ( ) Teetha |
| 16. Silent as thought | ( ) The bat |
| 17. Sober as a judge | ( ) The other shape |
| 18. Sweet as melancholy | ( ) Thou |
| 19. Thin as a pair of pen-holders | ( ) Woman |
| 20. Variable as the shade | ( ) Your heart |



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servations. The guileless reader is left to stumble onto the rattlesnake of social fiction because the boundary of fact is left undefined. Elliot Paul's well-established ability to reminisce is keen. His ability to write is equally as able, but in this more recent segment of his autobiography, it is too bad that he has failed to use his talents in giving a more faithful and analytical account of his Louisville. At best, the high-arched doorway and rising columns of his Old Kentucky Home welcome the reader behind an uncertain glow of crimson light.

*Thomas D. Clark, professor of history at the University of Kentucky, is author of "The Kentucky" and "Pills, Petticoats, and Ploughs."*

## *Americana Notes*

*IT'S AN OLD WILD WEST CUSTOM, by Duncan Emrich. Vanguard.* $3. Mr. Emrich's assignment—his is the seventh unit in the American Customs Series—covers a lot of ground. He is concerned with America between the Sierras and the Rockies, border to border. That is a considerable, if sparsely settled, stretch of territory, and Mr. Emrich's treatment of it is inescapably superficial. This is regrettable, since Mr. Emrich is the most competent entrant in the series to date, but what he would like to say, and is fully equipped to say both by bent and by training, cannot be compressed into 65,000 words. This defect (or, rather, deficiency) aside, the treatment is sound, the presentation authoritative. The discussions of Western speech, Western song, Western mine superstitions (which are very similar to Pennsylvania and West Virginia mine superstitions) are readable, interesting, and obviously based on skilled research and observation, but there is all too little room for them to move around in. Mr. Emrich, who is chief of the Folklore Section of the Library of Congress, has done his job conscientiously, but he must have been whistling as he toiled at it, "Don't fence me in."

*THREE YEARS IN CALIFORNIA, by Walter Colton. Stanford University Press, Stanford, Calif.* $5. This book, the work of a good reporter and lively diarist whom happy chance established in Monterery in 1846, is bedrock California. Colton was born in Vermont, became newspaperman and Navy chaplain, and established California's first newspaper. Unlike a good many basic source books, "Three Years in California" is excellent reading. The present edition, which has an introduction and notes by Marguerite Eyer Wilbur, is a photographic facsimile of the original (1850) edition. An ingenious form of annotation has been employed: reference numerals have been inserted in the margins, giving the reader the combined advantages of being able to follow the original text, line for line, and at the same time profiting by modern scholarship.

*CALIFORNIOS, written and illustrated by Jo Mora. Doubleday.* $3.75. This is a lively and fascinating account, with lively and fascinating pictures, of "the hard-riding vaqueros, America's first cowboys," to quote from the subtitle. Though the subtitle also defines the book as a "saga," it is much more than a romantic reconstruction; it is a substantial factual contribution to the social and economic as well as to the equestrian history of the West. Mr. Mora, Uruguayan-born, died two years ago at the age of seventy-one and this book, completed within three weeks of his death, is a worthy monument to his art and his scholarship, and an eloquent and engaging expression of his devotion to the cause of the pre-Yankee, Spanish-speaking horseman.

*SIMON CAMERON'S ADVENTURE IN IRON, by James B. McNair. Published for the Author. Los Angeles, Calif.* $5. When Simon Cameron resigned as Lincoln's Secretary of War on January 11, 1862, the *New York Herald* hailed the event as a major Federal victory. History has not dealt too kindly with Cameron, and Mr. McNair is not out to help his cause along. The present monograph is concerned with the foundation and dissolution 1837-46) of a partnership between Cameron and three other men for the manufacture and sale of iron, and with the "political connotations" of that episode. Mr. McNair presents a mass of data of a sort that is usually not too easy to come by—those minutiae of commercial transactions which are frequently lacking, whether by accident or intent—and he has been painstaking and industrious in making his investigations. He terminates his discussion with a quotation from a letter written to Lincoln on January 7, 1861, by Harry C. Carey, publisher and economist, of Philadelphia, which includes the statement: "Many of our well-disposed citizens . . . look upon him [Cameron] as the very incarnation of corruption." Mr. McNair himself does not venture so drastic a summation, but he doesn't like him.

*A TEPEE IN HIS FRONT YARD, by Clifford M. Drury. Binfords & Mort, Portland, Ore.* $3. When Henry Thomas Cowley took his diploma at Auburn (N. Y.) Theological Seminary in 1871, a stranger in the audience asked him what he planned to do. Cowley said he was going to Minnesota as a missionary to the Indians. The stranger—he was Reverend Beriah Hotchkiss, of Philadelphia,—suggested that the Indians of the Pacific Northwest were just as convertible, and, being harder to get at, more worth while. Cowley went out to the Northwest and became one of the four founders of the city of Spokane, Washington (Spokane, incidentally, used to be spelled without the *e*, and nobody had any trouble pronouncing it). Dr. Drury's illustrations include a photograph of the books Cowley took with him—a King James Bible, a Hebrew Bible, a Nez Percé version of St. Matthew, Cruden's "Concordance," Smith's "Bible Dictionary," a Shakespeare, a Homer, Scott's poems, Mrs. Hemans's poems, and a "Webster's Dictionary." Cowley died in 1917, a date that brings the frontier into close focus. Dr. Drury's study makes available in readable form data eminently worth preserving.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

*—From "Californios."*



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**Personal History.** *Benjamin Constant and Guy de Maupassant, two Frenchmen whose relations with women were hardly models of decorum, are the subjects of important new biographies reviewed this week. Constant, author of "Adolphe" and political pamphleteer during the Napoleonic era, provides the British writer Harold Nicolson with an absorbing study of inner complexes. Francis Steegmuller has turned his attention to Flaubert's famous pupil, Guy de Maupassant, and points out the motivation which prompted Maupassant to write as he did. . . . More homespun chronicles are to be found in Bill Mauldin's "A Sort of a Saga," an account of the cartoonist's boyhood in New Mexico and Arizona, and in "Uncle, Aunt and Jezebel," which our reviewer describes as a Baltic "Life with Father." . . . Oksana Kasenkina, the Soviet teacher who was news in '48, tells of her "Leap to Freedom."*

# *Swiss-Family-Robinson Mauldin*

*A SORT OF A SAGA. By Bill Mauldin. Illustrated by the author. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 301 pp. $3.50.*

By JOHN T. WINTERICH

IF TOM SAWYER had been born in 1921 instead of around 1835, and if he had spent his boyhood in New Mexico and Arizona instead of in Missouri, he would have lived this life and written this book. The fact that he here appears under the name of Bill Mauldin is wholly without significance—Tom Sawyer could have thought up a name like that as easy as pie. The fact that Bill Mauldin, like Tom Sawyer, had a brother Sid merely accents the parallel. Sid Sawyer was something of a stinker, but Sid Mauldin was good stuff. Both Sid Mauldins, in fact; Bill's father was a Sid, too.

This book (I am willing to go out on a limb on this) is the first autobiography ever published in which the narrator is the offspring of a mother who was born after 1900. Bill himself was born in New Mexico in 1921, and his first memory was of smoking cigarettes (Chesterfields, if Liggett & Myers want to make something of it) in a village in old Mexico at the age of three. The elder Sid had gone down there in pursuit of some will-o'-the-wisp, but the Mauldins only stayed a year, and then came back across the border and rented a house in El Paso, where Bill underwent the only tour of urban life described in these memoirs. The description requires two paragraphs.

At the close of its El Paso period the family rolled back to New Mexico, and New Mexico and Arizona are what this book is mostly about. The depression came along when Bill was nine or ten and didn't bother him much—all a child has to do to enjoy a depression is to survive it. It hit Sid, Sr., harder, of course, even in a region where gila monsters, sidewinders, and gophers flourished and neighbors were few. Sid, Sr., free-enterprised through most of it, but toward the end he took a Government job bossing a crew of privy-builders. The thing wasn't boondoggling—water supply became cleaner in many communities, and previously untraceable illnesses vanished.

*—Drawings by Bill Mauldin from the book.*

There is not an overplus of people in this narrative, outside of the four Mauldins, who were sufficient unto themselves and lived an engaging sort of Swiss-Family-Robinson existence compounded of opportunism, ingenuity, and make-do. There are quite a few animals, wild and tame, in particular the goat named Nanny. Mauldin is a little put out at the lack of originality that christened her Nanny—it was like calling a dog Rover, he says. (I have read about dogs in books who were called Rover, but I have yet to meet one in life.) Nanny, by the way, died a scintillating and spectacular death.

What people there are stand out the more clearly for their very fewness. There was the schoolteacher who insisted that pigmy should be pronounced pij-my, and that the *t* in often was put there to be spoken. There is little about ancestors, but one of them receives brief and merited mention—Mauldin's maternal grandfather, George Bemis, who was a fellow passenger with Mark Twain on the Western journey that produced "Roughing It"—see Chapters II and VII of that earlier chronicle.

This is a book that can be read without the slightest awareness of what happened to Bill Mauldin later when he got to be a big boy of eighteen and went away to give the Germans and the generals what for. There isn't anything about that here, or even any foreshadowing of it. Instead there is just a nice flow of reminiscence, all of it enjoyable, all of it real-sounding, with only an occasional suggestion of the familiar Mauldin bite. This is a true Western for all tastes, for both sexes, and for almost all ages, written with a deftness and suppleness that makes the reader wish all autobiographers could get in their licks before their prose atrophied. The book isn't a sort of a saga—it's the real thing.



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# Kasenkina's Story

Oksana Kasenkina—"a get-me-out-of-here letter."

*LEAP TO FREEDOM. The Autobiography of Oksana Kasenkina. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 295 pp. $3.*

By Martin Ebon

THIS book brings back a few hot summer weeks in 1948 when the papers were full of stories about the Russian schoolteacher who had jumped from a window of the Soviet Consulate in New York. It was a dramatic form of escape from Soviet authority toward freedom, and it captured the public's imagination. The event was spectacular, and Oksana Stepanova Kasenkina became a symbol of escape from tyranny.

What made Kasenkina jump? In the background was, of course, the fear of returning to the country where her husband had been sent to an Asiatic labor camp, where her son had been reported missing while fighting with a punitive army battalion. In the foreground were the "atmosphere of hostility, intolerance, and corruption" of the Soviet colony in New York, "a precious microcosm sustained by fear and privilege."

To anyone who knows the mechanisms of the Soviet system, this is a touchingly naive book. In spite of her early indoctrination in Marxism-Leninism-Stalinism, Oksana Kasenkina remained essentially non-political; she kept thinking of herself as a teacher of biology, an "objective" and far from political science. The latest theories of Trofim Lysenko had not yet completely corralled biology into the tight enclosure of Stalinism.

The book begins with a description of the author's youth and family life prior to the Bolshevik Revolution. It quickly moves on to Kasenkina's career as a teacher. The chapters dealing with the recent war are particularly gripping. That she was ever permitted to go abroad at all, was due to imperfect record-keeping by the Soviet secret police; her husband's disastrous "deviations," together with her own lack of Communist Party membership, should have made her definitely unreliable to Moscow's officialdom.

The final chapters, which cover Kasenkina's escape to freedom, provide the coherence that was lacking in last year's day-to-day news stories. They show her bewilderment and naivete. She became a resident of Alexandra Tolstoy's Reed Farm through the good offices of the anti-Soviet Russian language paper *Novoye Russkoye Slovo.* But the atmosphere at Reed Farm, where monarchist Russian refugees eyed her as a potential Bolshevik spy, so unnerved Kasenkina that she wrote a silly, hysterical get-me-out-of-here letter to Soviet Consul Lomakin. The consul and a few of his henchmen entered Reed Farm through a ruse, but they did not remove Kasenkina against her will. Only when she belatedly realized her own incredible stupidity did she make her famous leap.

There are a few fascinating touches: Kasenkina sneaking into the Roxy to see the movie "The Iron Curtain"; Soviet Ambassador Panyushkin bullying her into giving a fake press interview; the wife of Andrei Gromyko as she begs Kasenkina to make Gromyko's son Tolya stay away from the pretty Klava, who, after all, was only the daughter of an embassy chauffeur; the whole network of spies, with pupils spying on their teachers, to assure that Soviet representatives do not fall for the blandishments of American bourgeois society. All in all, a simple, moving, horrifying book.

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## LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Night. Henley: "Invictus." 2. Olde Man. Lyly: "Euphues and His England." 3. Thou. Shakespeare: "Hamlet." 4. My either hand. Herrick: "A Child's Grace." 5. Roses. Read: "New Pastoral Book." 6. The other shape. Milton: "Paradise Lost." 7. Loves. Charles F. Hoffman: "Sparkling and Bright." 8. Merry Margaret. Skelton: "To Mistress Margaret Hussey." 9. Enough. Heywood: "Proverbs." 10. Your heart. Lindsay: "To a Golden Haired Girl." 11. Care. Carman: "A Toast." 12. Old age. Wordsworth: "Dear Child of Nature." 13. A poem. Alexander Smith: "A Life Drama." 14. Order. Anna H. Branch: "The Monk in the Kitchen." 15. Teetha. T. A. Daly: "Mia Carlotta." 16. The bat. Aiken: "Miracles." 17. I. Fielding: "Don Quixote in England." 18. Naught. Burton: "Anatomy of Melancholy." 19. Shins. Chambers: "The Recruit." 20. Woman. Scott: "Marmion."

# On Flaubert's Pupil

Harold Nicolson—"a measure of dignity" for Constant.

*BENJAMIN CONSTANT. By Harold Nicolson. New York: Doubleday & Co. 331 pp. $4.*

By Leo Gershoy

BY FORMAL standards the man Benjamin Constant was unworthy of Harold Nicolson's gifts as biographer. Despite his one indisputable literary masterpiece, "Adolphe," and his impassioned pamphlet against Napoleonic despotism, "De l'esprit de conquête," he was neither a great writer nor a great thinker. Nor as occasional man of political action from the later Revolution through the Bourbon restoration did he fill an especially notable place in history. The *affaires de coeur* of the gay deceiver and charming wastrel were the talk of more towns than one as well as an ambulatory refutation of his own surname. No doubt his sensibility, somewhat after the order of Laurence Sterne's, served him in good stead in his career as gallant. It imparted tenderness to his disillusioned libertinage and reconciled later reproaches of conscience with earlier promptings of his erotic imagination by assuring him that to follow his biological urge was after a fashion to assume his rightful place among accredited men of feeling.

What was there then to attract Nicolson to Constant's sentimental journey, with its medley of amours, relatives, travels, adventures with great and humble, its wasted opportunities, its occasional shabby or cowardly acts, and moments, still more exceptional, of loftiness or creative production? Not the tawdry story, as the world saw it or deeply involved participants judged the facts. Rather the opportunity, one suspects, to try to make sense of the



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jumble, to avail himself of the biographer's right to rearrange the facts and interpret the deeds in the light of retrospective understanding. Perhaps the rich, complex, and complicated inner life of Constant exercised a fascination that was irresistible; and in any case he has magnificently recounted the story of that damned soul with insight and humanity, with wit and ease, on a restrained note of pity, warning, and regret over the waste or the debacle of Constant's precious talents. From time to time, too, it must be confessed, with a prolixity of details that at the least calls for extra concentration.

He makes it understandable why the victimized infant, exposed from birth to a father's educational vagaries, early developed into an extraordinary neurotic, whose subtle intelligence far transcended his will. Constant himself was well aware even in his teens of the ardent and self-inflaming temperament that compelled him to turn a minuet into a skip and jump and to accelerate a largo into a runaway prestissimo. Two women of the many whom he knew and loved—he also married two—decisively influenced him. One, the much older Mme. de Charrière, first stimulated him, remarks Nicolson, then settled into a sedative, and developed into an irritant. The other, blue stocking *par excellence* of the age, the imperious Mme. de Stael, inspired him with confidence, at least for a time, encouraged him by her appreciation of his abilities, and tyrannized over him for many long and trying years. Naturally his relations with them both were physical, but one is tempted to say *also* physical, for the bond in both instances was essentially cerebral. Whether in boudoir or drawing room, each passionately shared with Constant his uncommon interest in himself, in the analysis of the subtleties of his character, in endless talk and the clash of verbal combat, and in studied excitation of mind and heart.

This intense intellectualism turned inward prevailed even in his love, particularly perhaps in his affairs. His emotion was not kindled by the sight or scent of his loved one; his own imagination generated his ardor. The quality of his own emotions, maintains the author, was the focal point of his love: less the act than the tension of pursuit or the intensity of expectation. And conquest would be followed by lassitude and disillusion, tempered by uneasy pity for the victim from whom he sought to escape. He displayed a similar dualism in pursuits of the mind, the same irresolution and perplexed doubt, the same instability and lack of faith in himself or anybody else's capacity for that matter to order his destiny. A charming woman friend, more sage than another, ticked him off with half-admiring, half-pitying coolness: "You feeble creature," she wrote him, "can't you ever say what you really mean? . . . What a charming lover you are, apart from the fact that you are unable to love."

The checkered story in many of its details, including the almost incredible narrative of his fourteen-year-long tug of war and love with Mme. de Stael, fills Nicolson's pages. But it is always Constant himself who holds the center of the stage in an outstanding biography that gives meaning and a measure of dignity to the career of the twisted, talented, weak, egoistic, fascinatingly brilliant and belatedly responsible libertine and writer.

*Leo Gershoy is professor of history at New York University.*

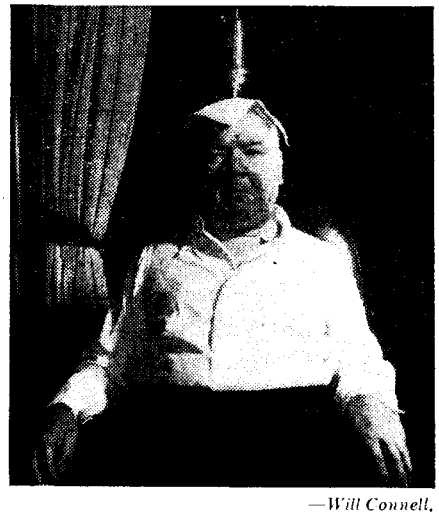
# *Authentic Comic Genius*

*W. C. FIELDS: His Follies and Fortunes. By Robert Lewis Taylor. New York: Doubleday & Co. 340 pp. $3.50.*

By Richard Watts, Jr.

THOSE of us who are veteran members of the W. C. Fields cult are hard taskmasters. Dogmatically convinced that the Master was not only the greatest comedian that ever lived but also one of the outstanding men of our epoch, we are jealous guardians of his fame and his reputation, and cast a suspicious eye on upstarts who dare make their own evaluation of his genius.

This warning should be appended to any review of Robert Lewis Taylor's "W. C. Fields; His Follies and Fortunes," lest the resulting notice be too unfair to the author. For Mr. Taylor has written a careful, detailed, and exhaustive chronicle of the great man and his work, leaving little out and going about his task with zeal and determination. In addition, he had the valuable aid of the notes and advice of Gene Fowler, an old and understanding friend of the eminent comic, who had been planning a book about Fields but had, unfortunately, been sidetracked by his work on the biography of a considerably lesser man, the late Jimmy Walker. Here you will find, accurately enough set down, most of the important details of the personal history of the incomparable Fields, from his birth in Philadelphia in 1879 to his death in Hollywood on Christmas Day 1946, together with an account of his films, his friends, and his million idiosyncrasies. To this frankly prejudiced adherent of the Fields cult, there is just one thing wrong with the resulting picture. It is Fields with the genius, and most of the great warmth which nourished that genius, left out.



—*Will Connell.*

With headdress of napkin and salt cellar, W. C. Fields as Queen Victoria.

There is no doubt that Fields, in his person as well as in his comic works, was a cantakerous, alcoholic, selfish, bullying, unmoral old reprobate. As a result of the hard life he had led as a vagabond boy and young man, constantly engaged in a running battle for survival against a merciless world, he had developed a protective core of hardness and cruelty. What kept him from being an unpleasant and unpopular boor and made him one of the best loved as well as most deeply admired men of his time was the warmth, the rich humanity, the curious inner honesty, the lack of hypocrisy, and the disarming air of buoyant, undaunted gallantry of spirit that brightened his human faults and made them seem gigantic virtues. That and, of course, the fact that he happened to be an authentic comic genius.

It is not through any lack of trying that Mr. Taylor fails, as I can't help thinking that he does. His account of Fields's early life, after he ran away from home and took up his career as a tramp juggler, explains the protective coloration of hardness and skulduggery that the comedian adopted. He tells of Fields's sentimental appreciation of a railroad ticket seller who lent him money for travel when he was broke. He describes the devo-



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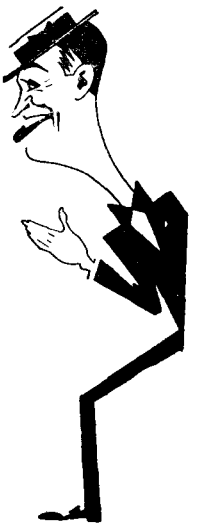
tion that the great man's friends had for him, often under grave difficulties. He explains carefully that, while he drank heavily after his rigorous training as a juggler shattered his nerves, Fields was not a drunkard. He makes it clear that, for all his scorn for conventional morality, the Master was by no means a lecherous man, and possessed even a kind of old-fashioned respect for women. But such explanations are almost colorlessly presented compared to the hearty manner in which the faults are portrayed; not, I am sure, out of any desire on the author's part, but through a lack of skill at handling the difficult task of painting a rounded picture of a highly complex man.

It required the genius of a Dickens to portray Micawber without making him seem a disagreeable dead beat, and I suspect that the job of giving a satisfactory picture of the man whose greatest performance was his portrayal of this spiritual ancestor of his in the film version of "David Copperfield" is almost equally difficult. It can be done. Alva Johnston managed the feat twice, once in a long profile in *The New Yorker* and once in a series in *The Saturday Evening Post*. But Johnston knew Fields and can write with something of his humor. Mr. Taylor didn't know him and his efforts at humor are not triumphant. He has written a book that is curiously flat and colorless in presenting the life and character of an exceptionally flavorous and colorful man. Reading it, it is a little difficult to find why a great comic's worshippers treasure him so ecstatically.



—*Nerman.*

**Maurice Chevalier—forever "Louque."**

# *Place Pigalle, Boul' Mich', Chevalier*

*THE MAN IN THE STRAW HAT. By Maurice Chevalier. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 245 pp. $3.50.*

By Russell Rhodes

IN "The Ziegfeld Follies of 1922" a pair of comics had written themselves into the latest hit song, "Mister Gallagher and Mister Shean." The tune wafted to Paris a couple of years later, where an audience redolent of café indulgence roared through the cigarette haze of the Casino de Paris as an angular fellow with a straw hat, tuxedo, and infectious grin and his brunette partner wound up with:

*Et c'est vrai, M'sieu' Chevalier?*
*Absolument, Mam'zelle Vallee!*

Chevalier's unpretentious little autobiography is like one of his before-curtain talks or, even more intimate, as if to friends in a cozy *boite*. You must read it with the jingle of his cheap, haunting little songs in your ear:

Mimi!
You funny little good-for-nothing
Mimi!—
Am I the guy? *

Or:

Every little breeze
Seems to whisper: "Louise"— †

or "Valentine" with the "tiny *tétons*," of which Alfonso XIII of Spain begged a copy. His jutting underlip, the jaunty straw hat that is his trademark, his *élan*, his *joie de vivre*, and all the other French expressions made corny by us Americans swing through every page. A great artist who can touch an audience with laughter and a warmth of affection, Chevalier is the Place Pigalle, the Boul' Mich', and everything that made the heart of Paris young and gay the last time you saw her.

This product of the Ménilmontant slums tells with characteristic candor and modesty his progress through a miserable, impoverished childhood, scant schooling in an asylum, attempts to become an acrobat, odd jobs as electrician's helper, doll painter, and carpenter, and, finally, his debut at age twelve in an outlandish tramp costume singing off key in "amateur night" at the Café des Trois Lions. Borrowing from styles of well-known performers, he served a grubby apprenticeship before jaundiced Montmartre patrons, learning to fight, drink, and make love before he was far into his teens, and being the main support of his "beloved Louque," his untranslatable and affectionate name for his mother.

Once, drilled by Carpentier, he agreed to a "fixed" boxing match with a Negro for the benefit of a home for retired music-hall performers and was amazed when his opponent refused to lie down. Years of trouping at last landed him in the Folies Bergères at twenty-five hundred francs a month. Mistinguette (of the "million-dollar legs") was not his first or last excursion in amour. Yvonne Vallee was his only marriage. But his job as an entertainer always came first and devotion to his mother was his only permanent love.

Quite simply, Chevalier sketches his experiences as a pharmacist's orderly and wounded German prisoner in World War I. And, more than any role he ever played, he is proudest of his work in comforting his dying fellow soldiers. En route to Hollywood at the peak of his international fame it was explained to him that he was supposed to be "sophisticated." "That really was not like me at all," he writes, "but I was already mixed up in a lot of things that weren't like me and there was no way to stop now."

He had a natural shyness with royalty but was pleased to call the King of Spain and the Duke of Windsor his friends. He admired Elsie Janis, his first introduction to "the American style," and Grace Moore, whom he tried to have M-G-M engage to play opposite him in "The Merry Widow," but when Irving Thalberg, contrary to his contract, wanted to put Miss Moore's name first, Chevalier went back to France. Charles Boyer, who belongs to a different kind of theatre and "had all the education that I had missed," introduced him to literature. Douglas Fairbanks *père*, his "one real American pal," laughingly threw him into Pickfair's swimming pool, new English flannels and all, and then accused him of having no sense of humor.

Harried by the Gestapo, condemned to death by the French Maquis in the last war, Chevalier sang before French internees at Alten Grabow, Germany, where he himself had been a military prisoner twenty-seven years before. His price was the release of ten Frenchmen to be restored to their families in Belleville and Ménilmontant. Paris cheered him as "the son of a workingman" as he marched with the Resistance chiefs to Père-Lachaise. And there was no question of his loyalty when he sang for Free French charities, starting again a career that has made him a hero to his countrymen and quite a remarkable fellow throughout the civilized world—still, as he used to sing, "on top of a r-r-rannbow, swipping ze clouds away."

*"Mimi," written by Lorenz Hart and Richard Rodgers, copyright 1932 by Famous Music Corp.

†"Louise," written by Leo Robin and Richard A. Whiting, copyright 1929 by Famous Music Corp.



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# *Empress in the Forbidden City*

*VENERABLE ANCESTOR: The Life and Times of Tz'u Hsi, 1835-1909, Empress of China. By Harry Hussey. Drawings by Shirley Wang. New York: Doubleday & Co. 354 pp. $4.*

By CARL GLICK

WAS the Empress Dowager Tz'u Hsi, of China, as some biographers have said, a cruel, wicked woman, guilty of every vice and crime? Or was she a great ruler who by her charm and statesmanship prevented during her lifetime the overthrow of the Manchu Dynasty? What was she really like?

In this book, "Venerable Ancestor," Harry Hussey gives a thoroughly adequate and convincing answer to these questions, a new insight into her character, and, in some details, a different interpretation to her life and times than is found in other biographies and histories.

That there should be disagreement among biographers about the Empress Tz'u Hsi is only natural. Unquestionably she was one of the most fabulous and enigmatic women of history. Although born in poverty, at the age of seventeen she became a concubine of the Emperor Hsien Feng. When she first entered the Forbidden City she had no friends and no influence. However, six years later, by presenting the Emperor with a son, by bribing the corrupt eunuchs in the palace, by destroying state papers of which she disapproved, and by stealing for her own use the imperial seals, she seized control of the Government and made herself Empress. From that time on until her death fifty years later she ruled the destinies of the peoples of China. And the amazing part of this is that she was never really the lawful or the legal head of the Government.

Upon the death of the Emperor her five-year-old son succeeded to the throne. Since Tz'u Hsi was regent and had in her possession the imperial seals, she signed only those decrees of state that met with her approval. Later when her son came to an untimely death, she made Kuang Hsu, her nephew, the Emperor. He, too, was but a small boy at the time. When he became of age and rebelled against her authority and tyranny, she had him arrested and imprisoned in his own palace. The story that Mr. Hussey tells of how by intrigue, and sometimes murder, she maintained her power and ruled over China is as fascinating and exciting as any tale found in Arabian Nights.

Mr. Hussey, who is Canadian born, went to China some forty years ago as an architect, first designing buildings for the International Committee of the YMCA and later for the China Medical Board of the Rockefeller Foundation. He heard, of course, all the scandalous stories about Tz'u Hsi. Then, in Pekin, he became acquainted with some Manchu families and was given quite another side of the picture.

He says that as he "listened to the stories of her kindness and her generosity . . . told by people who had known her intimately, she gradually became a warm, interesting human being, instead of the hard, cruel, and scheming ruler that has so often been described to me."

But in "Venerable Ancestor" he has not glossed over some of the unsavory incidents of her life. He has told, without undue apology, of her misdeeds and indiscretions. And he has

—*Drawings from the book.*

praised her virtues where praise is due. As a result he has written a well-balanced, and well-rounded, biography of Tz'u Hsi, who was a woman as well as an Empress. And it is possible to come to a much better understanding of her character and know what she really was like in this book than in the more prejudicial biographies of her life, some of which are not nearly as even-tempered as "Venerable Ancestor."

Mr. Hussey also has written brilliantly of the colorful court life in the Forbidden City, where Westerners during Tz'u Hsi's lifetime were not freely admitted. She was stubborn old China. Had she been more friendly to the outside world, more internationally-minded, and less of an isolationist and dictator, the course of history today might have been different. Yet she knew she made many mistakes. As she lay dying she told her grand councillors, "Never again make a woman regent and ruler of China."

One of her last acts before she passed away was to make another boy the Emperor of China, the four-year-old P'u Yi. He is alive today, and as Mr. Hussey says, "is now a prisoner of the Russians in Siberia."

Four years after Tz'u Hsi died the Manchu Dynasty came to an end. It was overthrown largely due to the efforts of a revolutionist who is not even mentioned in this book, a humble doctor named Sun Yat-sen.

While there may be a slight lifting of academic eyebrows over some of the facts as Mr. Hussey reports them in this book, still he has been most fair and has made mention of the debatable points over which the historians quibble. And so "Venerable Ancestor" is one of the most informative and best biographies of the Empress Tz'u Hsi yet written, as entertaining and readable as a novel.



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# Domestic Ructions in Helsingfors

*UNCLE, AUNT AND JEZEBEL. By Martha Hedman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* 260 *pp.* $3.

By Ann F. Wolfe

AND now we have a Baltic "Life with Father," a round of uproarious domestic ructions set in turn-of-the-century Helsingfors. For Father substitute Swedish Uncle Mathias, for Vinnie Aunt Mathilda. Something new has been added—Uncle's "lovely lady," Aunt's Jezebel. Take your choice, as Martha had to, and call her Tant Elsa.

Niece Martha, who tells this true story of her girlhood days in Russian-ruled Finland, is the celebrated Swedish actress Martha Hedman. While living with Uncle and Aunt she studied for the stage under Siri von Essen-Strindberg, wife of the Swedish dramatist.

The scenes that Martha rehearsed on the stage were pallid affairs compared to Uncle's Scenes in the dining room. In Uncle's Olympian script there were no minor Scenes. They were all major, and in the most dramatic of them coffee played a leading role. The day stood or fell by Uncle's breakfast coffee. Until after Uncle had notched the first cigar of the day with his gold penknife and taken his first sip of coffee, there could be no such thing as a natural breath for Aunt, for Martha, for the two maids. The four women trembled and an awesome hush was on them as they awaited the sacred moment of the first sip. Sometimes the taste displeased, and then the Jovian lightnings struck. Fresh coffee had to be brewed. The trembling and the hush started all over again.

In Uncle's absurd and majestic being it was hard to tell where the thespian left off and the *bon viveur* took over. Aunt knew, and she knew what to do about it. Food was her answer to life's important problems, and her most important was Uncle. If Aunt had been French, her name would have been Escoffier. Whenever things got out of hand and all seemed lost save honor—*i.e.*, Uncle was over at Jezebel's listening to her play his favorite pieces—Aunt played a subtle antiphon with gastronomic variations. The leitmotif may have been ptarmigan or herring salad, but it brought Uncle home on the run. Aunt knew all the Lucullan tricks, including the Scandinavian.

"Uncle, Aunt and Jezebel" is not as good as a circus; it *is* a circus. Ringmaster Uncle Mathias had a well-trained troupe—a storied cat, a collie, an array of fish and birds. The star performer was Kurre, a septuagenarian parrot with a literal taste in decor and an ego that matched Uncle's own. Kurre was a scream, as Jezebel was to learn when he shrieked out the one word that could spoil her illicit, if innocent, fun.

Miss Hedman's period piece is the more colorful for its background of Cossacks, golden church cupolas, and the wild music of the steppes. The funnier, too. That mysterious leek-and-onion scented kiss in the dark turned out to be the maid's Russian soldier beau. The success of Uncle's lordly stag parties was three-fourths due to Aunt's culinary prowess and the rest to Uncle's anti-Czarist jokes. Then as now, Russia was a conversation catalyst. "Russians are different," Aunt used to say.

## Short-Story Master

*MAUPASSANT: A LION IN THE PATH. By Francis Steegmuller. New York: Random House.* 415 *pp.* $5.

By Hollis Alpert

MODERN opinions about the work of Guy de Maupassant range from all but complete dismissal to the placing him on a high eminence very close to that reserved for his master, Flaubert. There are some who have considered him the greatest of all the world's short-story tellers (Maugham, for instance, has proclaimed this countless times), while others would more willingly give that mantle to Chekhov. Henry James found the Frenchman "a lion in the path" for all who wished to extend the limits of that literary form and, perhaps surprisingly, admired the conciseness and brevity and crystal clarity he brought to it. Maupassant has never ceased to be widely read, though not always for sheerly literary reasons, and the French have continued to write about him since the appearance of his first striking story, "Boule de Suif," when he was thirty years old. The facts, the speculations, the fantasies developed around the tragic figure's private and public life have regaled French generations since.

Glidden.

Martha Hedman—"cossacks and the wild music of the steppes."

The only previous worth-while American study of Maupassant was brought out by Ernest Boyd in 1926, although Artine Artimian in an interesting published Ph.D. thesis threw some light on the French critical assessment of Maupassant's ten fantastically productive years. Now Francis Steegmuller, who is known for his valuable study of Flaubert, has done a biography which utilizes a well-digested psychoanalytical insight and some unpublished memoir and correspondence material to provide an excellently balanced portrait and a logical theory to account for the preponderance of seduction and adulterous themes in his work.

Mr. Steegmuller sees (accurately, I think) a father figure being constantly destroyed in a great many of the stories and in the novels, too. This figure, under manifold guises, is satirized and mocked and cuckolded. He notes, also, the ever sympathetic treatment of female figures in the fiction, who often have been "crushed, beaten, martyrized" by men in their lives. The motivation for this is not far to seek. Guy's mother, Laure, while never divorced from her husband, did not live with him from the time Guy was eleven. She was not actually as sorely beset by the elder Maupassant as the son imagined and Gustave was, if of no remarkable intellectual stature, hardly more than a mild profligate, and often charming in his ways. But Guy grew up under maternal and possessive protection and throughout his forty-three years of life his greatest sympathies and tenderness were reserved for Laure. If he had pursued his father's plan for him he would have wound up as a lawyer or an unobtrusive government clerk, and actually was the latter for a time. However, Laure "understood" her son's sensitive and nervous disposition, and she was the one who gained for him his discipleship under her good friend Flaubert.

"It is a familiar spectacle," writes Mr. Steegmuller, "—the absorption of a sensitive boy by a charming, cultivated, dignified mother not quite in-



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telligent or selfless enough to know or stop what she is doing. Of the two most usual, alternative consequences of such a relationship—physical indifference to women, or promiscuity—Guy from his teens did not display the former."

The result for Guy was as bitterly ironic as the working out of so many of his tales; from the sustained promiscuity (as might be supposed, with types of women far removed from his mother in attributes and social station) was contracted the disease that destroyed him. Before the syphilis virus made its final inroads on his brain Maupassant was engaged in a continual process, according to Mr. Steegmuller, of shedding artistically, through the tales, his neurotic sicknesses, and as he developed and "cured" himself through this process, the father image took shifting forms.

But the fixation did result in some of the most brilliant short fiction ever to be produced, and it must be given dubious thanks; it is suggested, too, that it might have been the venereal disease itself which so speeded up the workings of Maupassant's mind. It would be hard to find an example of any writer who produced so furiously and lavishly in so short a time; in little more than a ten-year span he was responsible for more than 200 short and long stories, a half dozen novels (including the masterpieces "Une Vie" and "Pierre et Jean," and that miserably Hollywoodized "Bel Ami"), plays, and innumerable pieces of the informal essay type which ran in *Gaulois* and *Gil-Blas*, the newspapers he wrote for. The first story, "Boule de Suif," was worked upon slowly, while still under the formative hand of Flaubert; after that a story would occasionally require no more than a morning's or afternoon's work for its execution. It is interesting to see Flaubert complimenting his disciple upon the story of the prostitute's journey from Rouen to Dieppe, while still maintaining his belief that it would be as a poet Guy would make his reputation.

But the young Maupassant's rise, from then on, was meteoric. He was adept at getting attention paid to him, and did not hesitate to use important intimates like Flaubert and Zola for help along his way. His resultant fame, the high rates offered by newspapers and publishers, enabled him to leave the employment he despised, his clerkship at the Naval Ministry. He became the equivalent of one of our best-seller authors and had the benefit of a great deal of critical approval as well, not to mention the salacious gossip that sprang up, quite justifiably, around his name.

When he began moving (in between periods of melancholy solitude) among the higher circles of French society he unfortunately fell afoul of some of the snobbery inherent in those circles. It was this factor, in addition to the hidden virus making its first inroads upon his nervous system, which perhaps accounts for the weaknesses and crude anti-Semitic portrayals in later novels.

There is a highly important addendum that is added to this study—the discovery that many American editions of his work contain (beyond so many abominably poor translations of his stories) as many as sixty-five fake "Maupassant" tales. Thus, much of our public has been led for years to believe this incredibly trashy material belongs to his production. As recently as two years ago an edition appeared which contained fifty of the bogus versions. Also included in the volume are four hitherto unreprinted stories, never resurrected from the old newspaper files. They are of technical interest only, for none of the four is more than representative.

Mr. Steegmuller makes welcome mention of the fact that "The Necklace" has done much to turn cultivated readers from Maupassant and has given him an unjustified reputation as a specialist in trick endings. Dull-minded anthologists have helped to cause this situation. Readers of the biography will find the author turning their attention to many other "little perfections" which have remained in too much obscurity. It is good to have this volume, to have so graceful and level-headed a writer as Mr. Steegmuller reassessing, redefining a fascinating figure, and so convincingly developing new perspectives upon what we already know of him.

# *Salvaging in and Around Oran*

*NO BANNERS, NO BUGLES. By Edward Ellsberg. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 370 pp. $4.*

By Fletcher Pratt

JUST when Captain Ellsberg got the base at Nassawa in good running condition, as he has so well told in "Under the Red Sea Sun," the war inconsiderately moved north. On November 24, 1942, he received orders shifting him to General Eisenhower's command as head salvage officer on the Northern coast of Africa and on the 29th he was in Oran. This is the story of what went on in that harbor and offshore between the date of his arrival and February 3, 1943, when overwork brought on a heart attack that sent him home.

If the events of a little over two months do not seem sufficient to fill a book, the prospective reader is asked to remember what two months they were and who is telling the story. Few people have so well succeeded in investing the details of their daily work with a sense of excitement and suspense; and few jobs will strike one as more worth while than that of taking over a war-damaged and sabotaged harbor which ships cannot even enter, and bringing everything up to an efficiency it had never known.

Of course, Captain Ellsberg's own passionate interest in seeing things work well has a good deal to do with the manner in which he arouses the interest of spectators at the performance. The sort of thing that fairly makes his heart leap (his own words) is the discovery of an electrically driven power pump aboard a torpedoed and sinking destroyer, and he makes the reader's heart leap by the description of the elegant jiggery-pokery by which he used the machine to bring the ship into harbor. The sort of thing that drives him to a fury in which he wishes to take a machine-gun to every French official in Oran is that a ship in the harbor has been so clumsily shifted as to ruin a half-done salvage job. He is bitter over a British Naval lieutenant who will not help fight the fire aboard a transport, and so furious at the skipper of a cruiser who has abandoned ship after a torpedoing that he uses words which force him to give the vessel a false name, presumably to avoid libel suits.

In short, Ellsberg is one of the builders of earth, a believer in the idea that human ingenuity and hard work can overcome almost any obstacle. The events told here took place during the most tense months of the war, and to the problems solved, new ones were being constantly added by the operations of the German submarines, but the emphasis on the constructive side keeps the book from being just a war book. It is not a narrative of unalloyed success—the captain recounts his failures fully and fairly—but in addition to being a book about fascinating technical achievements, it is a book about people. The skill with which he identifies the men who worked with and under him, or describes the helpful, bumbling, or vigorous action of officials, is perfectly extraordinary. No reader can fail to be interested, though a good many will regret that there is no index.



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**Poetry.** *Anthologies of poetry, as anthologies of prose, have become so numerous in recent years that the amount of knowledge, skill, and taste essential to the collection of a body of verse that will stand the test of time and critical judgment tends to become obscured. Such a volume as "The Oxford Book of English Verse," for instance, is an achievement of superlative sort—how difficult a one will appear from the comparison between it and the work that challenges it in title and content which Mr. Salomon reviews on page 32. The good anthologist, of course, must have knowledge of the past and curiosity in the new; he must keep a watchful eye out, for example, for such work as Mr. Caldwell reviews below in Yvor Winters's "Poets of the Pacific."*

# *Disciples of a Special Creed*

*POETS OF THE PACIFIC. Second Series. Edited by Yvor Winters. Stanford, Calif.: Stanford University Press.* 128 *pp.* $3.

By James R. Caldwell

THIS volume contains the work of twelve poets, erstwhile or present students of Yvor Winters at Stanford University. It is, as the editor says, a kind of sequel to "Twelve Poets of the Pacific," published by him in 1937.

Behind all these able and honest poems I sense the gravity, the intellectual power, and the rigorous artistic conscience of Mr. Winters himself. And I must add that I feel in many of them a constrained and resolute quality no doubt also ascribable to him. Here is literally a school of poets. Since it is certainly not a school of parrots, I see no reason for alarm or even surprise at this manifestation. Schools of poetry tend to clarify issues and set out ordered and discussable areas of the wide poetic field. At all events, it is to be expected that Winters's definite and special creed of poetry should be vividly accepted by his good pupils.

"The poet tries hard to understand his experience in rational terms, and simultaneously to state, by means of the feeling which we attach to words, the kind and degree of emotion that should be properly motivated by this understanding." There it is, in Mr. Winters's words, a meaningful creed. It produces in this book a characteristic poetry. It is a poetry of universal reference; of life, death, mind, heart, time, decay, etc. Adventures among these absolutes, when they are at all personal, are seen in the universal perspective. They are nearly all meditative, not lyric, in mood. They are extraordinarily sincere, unpostured, free of the phoney and the arty. They are poems of defined form and denoted content, and they are loaded with "rational terms," *i. e.*, thought.

The determinate fact is that by Mr. Winters, and by these poets, thought and emotion, form and content, appear to be discerned as separable, if not separate entities, discrete and stable aspects of experience. The word "simultaneously" qualifies plural events, and pattern and meaning may, in these poems, be pluralized for all to see. I do not mean that they always, or even usually, cleave asunder. But the excellence of the best of them is the excellence of rich chord and deft counterpoint, clear strands well enmeshed, disparates combined, everything definite, workmanlike, and well in hand.

I wish the world were so. Art's business is surely to discover order in experience, but one hears from these young poets a rather peremptory summons to the eternal flux to come to order! Often it is an impressive summons, uttered with penetrating logic. Take the first stanza in the book:

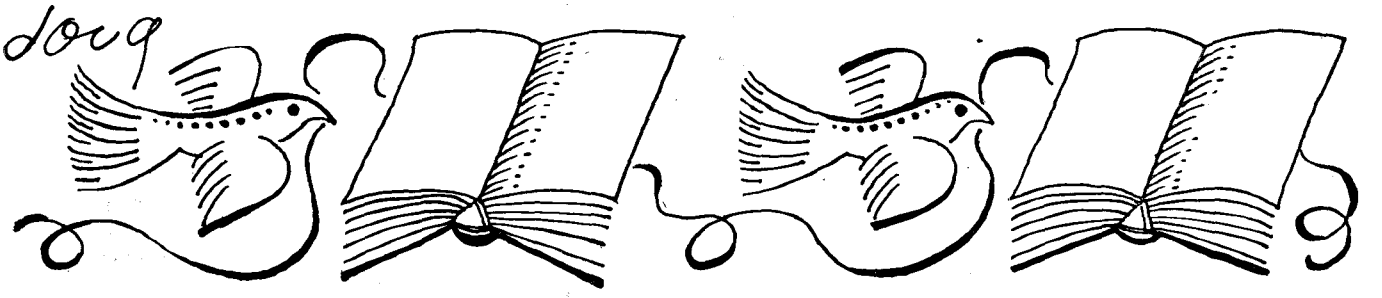
> Revolving doors have trapped our nervous feet,
> And circling in a scheme to imitate
> The hearts of clocks that tell us it is late,
> They tick us off, like seconds in the street.

Anne Louise Hayes's "Poem," C. R. Holmes's excellent "Abandoned Brothel" and "Island Battlefield" (though it falls off at the end), Donald Drummond's "Froward Gull," Frances Crawford's "Poem IX" (more paradoxical than she realizes perhaps), and Pearce Young's telling and rich verses all carry authority and warrant the editor's prophecy that some of these poets will make distinguished names.

One does not expect uniform excellence in a volume of this sort, or any sort, for that matter; and in these reconciliations of thought and emotion the effort of the mediator sometimes obtrudes. In the metric there are sudden syncopations, of which one does not see the use; there are occasional coercions of sense and painful intellections. Rhyme forces Donald Drummond to blur "How Sleep the Brave" in the second stanza, otherwise a fine poem. Edgar Bowers seems frequently in technical trouble. If the gravity of the book is, on the whole, a little oppressive, if formal patterns tend to stiffen and the work to be a little overmuscled, I should lay it to the theoretical separation of elements noted above. Indeed, what basic reservations I have regarding this book and its creed come to me ready phrased in one of these poems, where the aim of the poet is described:

> To find the perfect note, emotional
> And mental, each the other one's reproach.

This I take to be succinct Winters, plus a curious outblurting of the price of pluralism in the arts. But why set thought and feeling at loggerheads? The state of consciousness which it is the poet's business to convey is surely a state singular.





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# *Chaucer, Eliot & Everyman*

*THE LONDON BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE. Selected by Herbert Read and Bonamy Dobrée. New York: The Macmillan Co. 874 pp. $3.75.*

*THE DIVINE PILGRIM. By Conrad Aiken. Athens: University of Georgia Press. 288 pp. $4.50.*

*SKYLIGHT ONE. By Conrad Aiken. New York: Oxford University Press. 48 pp. $2.50.*

By I. L. Salomon

THE first book is obviously a misrepresentation. It would gull the public into believing that it supersedes "The Oxford Book of English Verse" by appearing forty-eight years after Quiller-Couch compiled his anthology. The truth is "Q" made a comprehensive and organic revision in 1939, and his selective instinct didn't betray him when he included a goodly number of the modern poets.

"The London Book of English Verse" extends in range from Chauser to Eliot. Aside from the expatriates Eliot, Pound, H. D., the only living Americans included are Jeffers and Marianne Moore; the only living English De la Mare, Waley, and Young. Poe, Longfellow, Dickinson, Whitman, Melville, and Lindsay are represented, but not Emerson, Robinson, Frost, Millay, Wylie, Aiken, the Benéts, Cummings, Wallace Stevens. Nor are the English Masefield, James Stephens, and the Sitwells.

This collection challenges with impertinence "The Oxford," which is devoted to poems chiefly lyrical. More extensive in scope, "The London Book" includes masterpieces the world cherishes and such little known, admirable lyrics as Ben Jonson's "Patrico's Song" and the two verses on the death of his children, the rarely printed "Patch-Shaneen," of J. M. Synge, and "Blow the Wind Today," by R. L. Stevenson. But the reader will find an ample selection of second-rate verse that bespeaks the undisciplined taste of the editors, who have resurrected the maudlin sentimentality of an Ambrose Philips and of a Lord De Tabley.

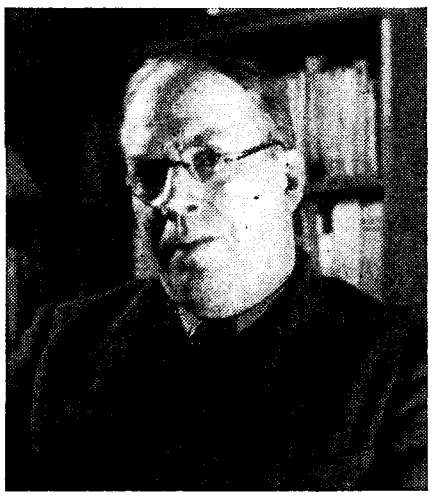
The editors further arrange the 680 selections into a decalogue of categories so confused at times that one must agree with their pronouncement that their "arrangement is neither logical, psychological, nor . . . architectonic," and that "many poems might well find a place in one, or even two, other sections." In Book III, "lyrical verse conveying a mood or emotion," Drayton and Campion interrupt a selected sequence from Shakespeare's sonnets. The section devoted to satirical verse is the poorest in the volume. Not one poem is as good as the best of W. S. Gilbert, Lewis Carroll, or Edward Lear; and they are omitted.

Despite the ravages of Hitlerism, the editors with offensive imprudence can find nothing better to choose from "The Canterbury Tales" than the anti-Semitic, brutal murder story as told by the Prioress. Their judgment is such they prefer "Hero and Leander" to Marlowe's tributes to poetry and to "divine Zenocrate" in "Tamburlaine, Parts I and II." They extract passages from major poems without always identifying the particular lines in the notes, and they entitle several selections in such a way that one not familiar with poetry will read the title as of the poet's own making.

For a book of approximately 900 pages, it lies easy in the hand; the paper is thin enough to crease unless carefully handled. "The London" will do as an anthology, but it is not "unique" and it is far from the "fresh outlook" its publishers claim for it. Numbering its poems like its great predecessor and presuming on its title, it is a direct challenge to wrest whatever advantage "The Oxford Book of English Verse" has won in fifty years.

* * *

THE divine pilgrim is everyman in his frustrated humor, circumscribed by psychic disorders in a world of, and not of, his own making, dreaming his wish fulfilment, and finally achieving a catharsis. The affinity of Freudian analysis to the Aristotelian concept is quite apparent in "The Divine Pilgrim," issued separately from 1915-25, as "The Charnel Rose," "The Jig of Forslin," "The House of Dust," "Senlin: A Biography," "The Pilgrimage of Festus," and "Changing Mind."



Conrad Aiken—"the timbre of quiet ecstacy."

As a youth, the protagonist is drunk with sexual desire on the basest level. As the weakling Forslin, he is torn between the struggle of mind over body and body over mind. He essays to become divine as time destroys the identity of his city. He is the little old man Senlin, asking unanswerable questions as to his being. He is also the Faust of a generation ago, tampering with his key to the storehouse of knowledge, and, in his wisdom, finding this, too, an illusion. At the end he is the supreme artist, a servant to mankind.

Conrad Aiken calls these poems "symphonies," but it is only by an extension of terms that the identification is valid. To say a lyric in iambic tetrameter is contrapuntal to a theme stated in free rhythms, for example, is to create a musical symbolism in poetry without certainty of success. It isn't. Composers can use poetic symbols with impunity, for a "tone-poem" appeals to an otic sense no words need implement, programmatic explanations to the contrary.

These very "abstractions" interfere with the construction of "The Divine Pilgrim." Mood follows mood with little intellectual appeal. Although there are many extraordinary episodes, their integration with the epic theme is too diffuse.

It is only in "Senlin: A Biography" with its compulsive quickening pace that the reader is snared in the net of disbelief; the biography remains a masterpiece, the union of wish-fulfilment and exaltation still incomplete. Like Prufrock, Senlin, his psyche darkened, examines the "I" in relation to his universe.

* * *

From "The Divine Pilgrim" to "Skylight One" a quarter of a century has elapsed. Concerned with the dilemma of modern man, Aiken now writes as the consummate artist, as adroit in his lyrics as he was in "Priapus and the Pool." No contemporary has achieved more prescience in the pure joy of seeing and in the wonder of being than Aiken in "The Window," unpunctuated to give the movement of the lines instantaneity. In other poems he conforms to accepted typographical usage. His lyrics have in them the timbre of quiet ecstasy, the words suspending naturally as breath in music.

In the New England and in the philosophical poems, Aiken sees "mankind's hatred everywhere," but "the many generations . . . [as] . . .



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a single name and dream." The muted threnody in "Crepe Myrtle" repeats the theme, and it is continued in "The Improvisation": "for all is acceptable . . . till we drown in light."

"Skylight One" is admirable proof that poetry for our time is being written.

## *Poetry Book Notes*

*THE EVERLASTING LIGHT AND OTHER POEMS, by Archibald Rutledge. University of Georgia Press, Athens, Ga.* $3. In the vicinity of Charleston, South Carolina, the name of Archibald Rutledge is a tradition as well as a fact. His prose descriptions of this region—of spring flower festivals, of the azalea gardens, of the cypress swamps, and palmetto—contain more imbedded poetry than the moral suasions and apostrophes to nature in this, his eighteenth volume of verse. Several of the unrhymed poems have a strength, vigor of statement, and sonority of vowels that are missing in the rhymed poems. The picture of the eagle breasting the storm, after all winged things of the marsh have fled, is impressive. There is a naturalness of diction in the blank verse that avoids the device, the trappings, the clichés of many of the rhymed stanzas. The poem "Exile" has dignity, and it accumulates the emotion of the candid heart. The "Everlasting Light" is a poem of large dimension and high endeavor. Some of the dramatic impact is lost as the author exposes his plan of the poem. There is a long ascending note of affirmation and solace for the troubled heart of man. A group of sinners reveal their wickedness and are cleansed and redeemed in the "Light." Dr. Rutledge ends the poem in an evangelical sweep. It is a poem of sustained hope, but it is marred by the obvious phrase and the easy chiming of terminal rhymes.

Dr. Rutledge contrives effective, and often beautiful, quatrains, many of which are encountered in this volume. For instance, "Tidal River-Mouth":

I said, "It is like love," as I watched
the river
Give all her beauty to the boundless
main.
And when I saw that mighty flood
deliver
The ocean back, I said, "Like love,"
again.

*YANKEE BOUNDARIES, by Harry Elmore Hurd. John Day.* $2.50. The New England poets, the three Roberts, Frost, Coffin, and Francis, and John Holmes, all have sharp eyes in reporting the aberrations of nature

and contrariness of men. Another New Englander, Harry Elmore Hurd, observes and reports and doesn't rein Pegasus for minor matters of technique, and doesn't mind repeating his performances with variations. With these complaints recorded, there is much to say in favor of the bold strokes used by Mr. Hurd in his character sketching. There is the stamp of authority in the incidents reported and the local color applied. How many of us, for instance, have experienced the problem of dealing with chimney swifts in an old farmhouse fireplace?

"Whose house is this?"
I asked, whereupon they shook the
soot
Of years on me, and then for
emphasis
Confused my question with a whirr
of wings.

I have shared many of his experiences in the country and applaud Mr. Hurd for setting the emotional key in such poems as "Apples Falling at Night," "In Praise of Oxen," and "Cowbell at Evening"; and if Mr. Hurd gets a trifle sentimental, so do the people who read and enjoy his poems. The poet of "Yankee Boundaries" writes skilfully and easily—too easily perhaps, but always pleasurably.

*GARNERED SHEAVES: Selected Poems by Stanton A. Coblentz. Wings Press, Mill Valley, Calif.* $2.75. The title symbolizes the choice of Stanton A. Coblentz from thirty years in the field of poetry. Mr. Coblentz, as editor of *Wings*, a magazine of poetry, has served his fellow bards and has been identified with the campaign of the non-obscurantist school of verse-making. Mr. Coblentz attacks big subjects, treats them in clear, adequate, and rhythmic language. He is always discursive, technically accurate, but not always inspired in his treatment of enigmas of mankind. I prefer Mr. Coblentz when he is profound by accident rather than intent as in his satirical ballad of "The Merry Hunt"—the nimrod who became the quarry. From "The Pageant of Man," which was published as a large book in 1936, the poet has made several significant selections. The original canvass of the poem was as wide as creation and as long as history—a prodigious and often ponderous effort in rhymed pentameters. The philosopher dominated the poet in much of the work but occasionally the lyric idea and the musical line break the philosophic and didactic harness. Coblentz is a lyric poet half-smothered beneath the hard rind of statement and opinion. In his excerpt, "Patient Is Time," from "The Pageant of Time," he sings:

Patient is time, and gradual are its
ways;
The poppy withers but rekindles
still
Though frosts of toothed November
numb and kill.

A lover of the larger effort, Coblentz has a gift for compression in brief poems. "The Black Walnut" is typical of the gnomic quality of his quatrains:

With axe or hammer man must
pound to break
The tiny shell and pluck the fruit
inside.
Yet the frail seed, for its sole aid,
will take
Dampness and dark, and split the
barrier wide.

—A. M. SULLIVAN.

### FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 331

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 331 will be found in the next issue.*

RWMRERMDJURCRNB VJH

OXAV LXVVDWRCRNB,

KDC RC RB

RWBCRCDCRXWB JUXWN

CQJC LJW LANJCN J

WJCRXW. --MRBAJNUR.

*Answer to Literary Crypt No. 330*

Dogmatism is puppyism come to its full growth.

—DOUGLAS JERROLD.



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# Seeing Things

## SILVER JUBILEE

AT THE season's beginning the most unfettered expressions of theatrical imagination which New York had to offer were to be found not in the Times Square district but on Fifty-Seventh Street. There was good reason for this. At the Ferargil Galleries Donald Oenslager was holding an exhibition of the settings and projects he has designed for the stage during the past twenty-five years.

Mr. Oenslager's was an exciting show. Being a recollective exhibit, it stirred agreeable memories. Covering the career of one of our commercial theatre's most successful and prolific designers, its numerous models and drawings indicated how the practical demands of Broadway can be met creatively. Fortunately, however, it did not stop there. Room was also found for Mr. Oenslager's dreams of what the theatre might be, of what he would like to see it do if art were its only consideration, hence room for what he has done unasked because of some inner compulsion which has spurred him on.

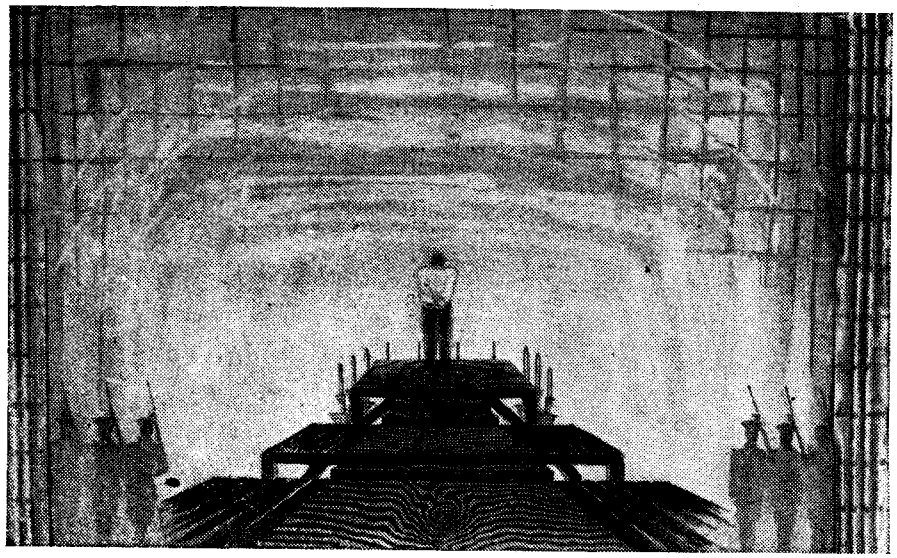
Long ago Gordon Craig, one of the highest priests of the visual theatre, pointed out an abiding limitation of the stage, as he saw it, as an artist's medium. He railed against the impurity from which it could not escape because of its many-mindedness. He condemned it for being the result of "seven directors instead of one and nine opinions instead of one." What disturbed him in the theatre was that the playwright, the director, the actors, the costumers, the electricians, etc., all had their separate wills and desires and imposed these upon every production. Hence each presentation was bound to represent the kind of compromise unknown, for example, to the sculptor, the painter, or the writer. "It is impossible," wrote Craig, "for a work of art ever to be produced where more than one brain is permitted to direct, and if works of art are not seen in the theatre, this one reason is a sufficient one, though there are plenty more."

In spite of Craig's dim view, the theatre does, here and everywhere, season in and season out, achieve its productions which are works of art. There are even those, and they are numerous, who would argue stoutly that, when the miracle does come off, the theatre gains instead of loses because of the enriching variety of the talents it must fuse. This unity wrung from diversity has always been one of its chief challenges and, when met, one of its sources of greatest pleasure.

Certainly, few playgoers at this late date need to be reminded of how important is the part the stage designer plays in creating this fusion. His role is an accepted fact; his contribution as an interpreter taken for granted. If he is a scenic artist such as Donald Oenslager, he is at once an architect and a painter, a decorator and a dreamer, and the seeing-eye of both dramatists and audiences. His settings are not merely backgrounds. They are silent characters. They are realizations and extensions of what a playwright had in mind. Optically, they do their own playwriting. Color is their dialogue; significant detail their characterization; form and emphasis are their plot. There was a time, however (as a matter of fact it was when as a freshman at Harvard I first came to know Oenslager thirty years ago), when backgrounds for the theatre were in the foreground of the minds of many of us who were stagestruck. Scenery was in itself a rallying point, indeed almost a battle cry.

What was then arrogantly but rightly called the New Movement in the theatre was really new. Craig was its spearhead; distinguished designers and directors in every country in Europe were its ardent devotees. Such fine artists as Robert Edmond Jones, Lee Simonson, and Norman Bel Geddes were quickening the eyes and perceptions of American audiences by bringing to productions a scenic significance, beauty, and excitement hitherto unknown on this side of the Atlantic. *Theatre Arts Magazine*, first as a quarterly then as a monthly, under the igniting editorship of Edith Isaacs, was the spokesman for the revolt from humdrum realism and for the innovational approach to stagecraft. Sheldon Cheney and Kenneth Macgowan were the critical champions of what behind the footlights was the equivalent of a palace revolution. Art was talked about without embarrassment and with fervor. And, at the outset, expressionism and subsequently constructivism were campaign slogans for those who considered themselves advanced.

ALL this, as I say, was a long, long time ago. Since then not only has a second crop of designers, such as Jo Mielziner, Boris Aronson, Stewart Chaney, Mordecai Gorelik, and Donald Oenslager, reached full maturity, but third and fourth generations of men have appeared of the stature of Oliver Smith, Sam Leve, George Jenkins, Ralph Alswang, and Howard Bay, who take themselves seriously as artists and deserve to be so taken. Their works have come, been seen, and conquered. This complete acceptance of scenic and costume designers on their own creative terms, this sense of the battle being won and the hurly-burly done, was not only made clear by the admirable exhibition of models,



*—By Donald Oenslager, from "Egmont—1949."*

**Egmont's execution—"a new and larger enemy."**



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sketches, and costumes held last spring by the Costume Institute of the Metropolitan Museum but by the general public's flocking to see that show.

For some years Broadway has been a realm divided scenically between Mr. Mielziner and Mr. Oenslager. From the point of view of sheer numbers there have been Oenslager seasons and Mielziner seasons. The rivalry, more accurately the sharing of these two men, has been of the friendliest, most generous-minded nature. Needless to say, show business ("show biz" *Variety* would call it) being what it is, and most dramatists making the everyday demands they will, both Mr. Mielziner and Mr. Oenslager have had to bide their time for scripts which would release the exceptional talents with which each of them is blessed.

Incessantly busy as they have been, of the two men it is Mr. Mielziner who has been more wisely used by Broadway. He has had the good fortune to exercise his imagination on such dramas as "Hamlet," "Saint Joan," "Winterset," "The Glass Menagerie," "A Streetcar Named Desire," and "Death of a Salesman." These have permitted him, indeed summoned him, to turn his back on the drawing rooms and kitchens in which realism delights and to which, by selection and emphasis, he has added a distinction of his own.

The commercial theatre in "Sooner and Later," "Pinwheel," "The Lady from the Sea," the Players' revival of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Of Mice and Men," and "Land's End," for example, has also given Mr. Oenslager his chances to be a fugitive from naturalism. It is, however, at the Yale University Theatre; at Colorado's Central City; at the Metropolitan Opera House; with the League of Composers and the Curtis Institute of Music; in his two books, "Scenery Then and Now" and "Theatre in Bali"; and especially in his projects for plays unproduced which have fired his mind, that he has demonstrated his true dimensions as an artist.

There were agreeable reminders in Mr. Oenslager's show of how wittily, inventively, and expertly he can meet Broadway's demands. No one who saw "You Can't Take It with You," "Pygmalion," "The Doctor's Dilemma," "The Fabulous Invalid," "Born Yesterday," or "Life with Mother" can have forgotten his very genuine contributions to these productions. But skilful as he is in satisfying such requirements, his gifts no more stop there than do Mr. Mielziner's.

Mr. Oenslager is incredibly versatile. He is as much at home in symbolism as in realism, with tragedy as

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with comedy, in musicals as in the ballet or grand opera. Few people in this country command his knowledge of the history and theory of his profession. His scholarship is never pedantry. It, too, flames with the artist's vision. When he writes books, such as the two mentioned above, he somehow manages to turn black ink into vibrant colors and paint with words. In spite of the full and taxing hours he spends in the practical theatre, he also finds time to dream his dreams and put them down on paper. His spirit is too large to be restricted to the ephemera of the contemporary stage. He is unfrightened by greatness. For him the classics of dramatic literature are not dead. He finds his own original ways of making them live for others. When his interest is aroused, he does not wait for a contract to go to work.

Among the most heartening as well as stirring features of his recent exhibition were his haunting sketches for a dramatization of the Book of Job and his wonderfully muscular backgrounds for a modernization of Goethe's "Egmont." None of the thousands of words that came out of Aspen this summer succeeded in making Goethe as much of a contemporary as did these designs in which his drama was restated in Arthur Koestler terms. As the sullen reds and the pictures of Communist leaders indicated, Egmont, the revolutionist, the martyr, and the champion of liberty, was no longer fighting against Philip II. His principles and his frenzy remained the same, but Mr. Oenslager had pitted him against a new and larger enemy.

Both success and age can stifle such dreams as Mr. Oenslager made tangible in these projects for Job and "Egmont." Dreams of this sort are usually among the happy expressions of youth. They are indications of a soaring spirit and a productive discontent. To labor long and hard when no production is guaranteed might seem foolish to some of Broadway's workers. "For God's sake, give me the young man who has brains enough to be a fool." That was Stevenson's cry. To have an older man endowed with the brains and talent to be so foolish is doubly welcome. It means that some of our theatre people still have their dreams. While such dreams continue, there is hope for the theatre.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.


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## "PERSONHOOD"

(*Continued from page* 12)

to leave the young at the mercy of accidental contacts and stimuli, abdicating their responsibility for guidance." An educational program that takes account of the interests and the active nature of the child is obviously superior to one which ignores these factors, but it is none the less a form of guidance, and it is inescapably grounded in adult preference for certain modes of living and thinking as opposed to others.

In fine, Dewey undertook to organize an experimental school because he was for certain ways of living and against certain others. He had very definite moral convictions about the kind of intellectual and emotional dispositions he wanted cultivated in the children of his school. As a result of his social and psychological studies he had also developed some leading ideas about the way in which a school should be organized and conducted if it were to achieve these outcomes. The school he established was a "laboratory" school, and Dewey expected to learn much about both the ends and means of education from his experiences in the school, but this did not mean that its educational program was not rooted in a definite body of intellectual and moral principles. What holds for this early educational undertaking at the University of Chicago also holds for wider national and world educational movements with which Dewey has been identified.

Throughout his life Dewey has been an inquirer in both philosophy and education, but his inquiries have always had their definite intellectual, social, and moral presuppositions. To get at the roots of these directing ideas and ideals we have to go beyond the school to developments in American and Western civilization of which both Dewey and his educational program are an expression.

Darwin's "Origin of Species" was published in 1859, the year that Dewey was born. The Darwinian theory of evolution is one of the factors that has played an important part in forming the mind out of which Dewey has thought about man and education. On the basis of the evolutionary conception of life as a process of adjustment in and to an environment, Dewey constructed his theory of human experience. He emphasized that philosophers had erred in assuming that experience was primarily a cognitive affair whereas it is basically a process of doing and undergoing—a process in which the sentient crea-



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ture tries out things in its surroundings, and in which the surroundings react upon its activities. He perceived that it is within the matrix of these adjustive acts that learning takes place as the organism builds into its behavior patterns connections between that which it does and that which it undergoes. In human beings, through the use of symbols, this process of interaction and participation becomes a conscious experience, and is controlled, in part at least, by deliberate recall and prediction. As a result of his experiences, man begins to anticipate the consequences that will flow from his activities, and he strives to adjust his behavior accordingly. Viewing education as a function of this process through which the individual adjusts to things and persons, Dewey desired an educational program that would include more than symbolical or literary materials—he wanted a school that would give the young opportunity to learn from their own first-hand experiences with their physical and social surroundings.

Adjustment is foundational in the experience of the living creature because it is implicated in an environment that is characterized by conditions that are friendly and supporting and also by those that are hostile and menacing. In order to make this environment support his interests, man strives to learn how to control it, and this achieved power of control is one of the basic factors in human freedom.

Man wins his freedom as he gains the knowledge and invents the tools which extend his capacity for control, and, above all, as he achieves the attitudes, habits, and techniques which make it possible for him to continue to learn from the course of his ongoing experience. Recognizing that reflective behavior is sourced in problematic life situations, Dewey desired a school in which the young were engaged in the kind of purposeful *inquiring* which is the heart of intellectual activity. He believed that nothing was more fundamental in the character of a person than his way of responding to the problematic conditions in which he is involved.

Modern science was a second factor that played a crucial role in the development of the philosophical and educational views of John Dewey. He thought of science not simply as bodies of tested and organized knowledge, but more basically as a controlled method of conducting inquiries. From his analysis, of the procedure of experimental science, he developed his conception of the pattern of reflective thinking. He perceived that reflective thinking originates in some experienced prob-




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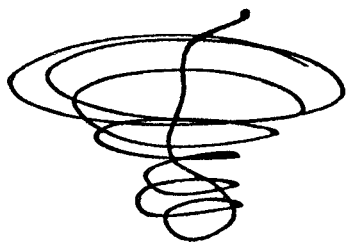

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lematical or obscure situation, that it elaborates through observation and reasoning an hypothesis or plan of action for dealing with the unresolved or objecting situation of difficulty, and that it is tested by putting the imagined or projected plan to the actual trial of action. Dewey believed that ordinary men could learn to use this method of experimental intelligence in their everyday affairs, and he was concerned to develop a school program that would nurture the young in the complete act of reflective thinking. Since thinking begins and ends in the affairs of primary experience, he wanted a school that would include in its curriculum the various forms of productive activity through which a human community maintains itself.

Democracy was a third factor which influenced the development of the mind that is John Dewey. Democracy, for him, was not only a form of government but also a way of life. He found in it a modern expression, freed from supernatural connotations, of the religious faith in the worth and dignity of the individual human being. He was in accord with those who held that the child was a person as well as a pupil, and that he should be treated not as mere empty container to be filled with cut and dried subject matter but as an end in himself. For Dewey the school had no good other than the growth of the child, and he wanted the child to be accepted as a partner in the enterprise of his own education.

DEWEY believes that to treat a child as an end, means to have respect for his mind, and for his right to know. He has therefore steadfastly opposed all systems of education—ecclesiastical and secular—which have sought to enslave the child by nurturing him in beliefs and allegiances through the deliberate suppression of information and knowledge about alternative patterns of life and thought. Accepting the democratic principle that the good life is an active life of shared experience, Dewey has sought to transform the school from an authoritarian system of regimented living and rote learning into a cooperative community in which teachers and pupils are engaged in constructive activities of sensed meaning. These activities will lead them into the examination of things distant in time and space, but their controlling purpose is to increase the meaning of life as it is lived today. Children are to be prepared for the responsibilities of adult life, but Dewey believes that this preparation can be best secured when the school makes present living a significant and purposeful undertaking.

The foregoing are some of the intellectual and moral conceptions that led Dewey to affirm the worth of the functional or activity principle in the organization of the school. Our schools have been changed as a result of the leadership of Dewey. Many things are better done because of the influence he has exerted in the educational affairs of our country. But problems still remain. On the whole the best use has been made of these ideas in the kindergarten and elementary schools, and in the more advanced work of the graduate professional schools. A satisfactory activity, or functional, curriculum for the secondary schools and the undergraduate liberal-arts colleges, remains to be developed, although a number of suggestive experiments are under way.

Many believe that the root of the difficulty rests in our industrial and pecuniary society, which idealizes childhood but which prolongs infancy unduly by keeping our boys and girls from responsible participation in the productive and civic affairs of our country. It will be difficult to provide responsible and significant educational projects for youth so long as we continue to deny them opportunity for participation in the more serious phases of our social, economic, and political life.

Dewey has suggested from time to time that educational reconstruction and social reconstruction are interrelated: that the achievement of a more functional curriculum may be tied in with the achievement of a more functional society. At the age of ninety, Dewey is still in the front ranks of those who speak and work for this more functional and democratic society: a society in which all of our institutions will be judged by their effect in the lives of those who live in and through them.

*Dr. John L. Childs is professor of philosophy of education at Teachers College, Columbia University.*



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## THE PHILOSOPHER

(Continued from page 10)

out for the proposition that the emphasis upon the concrete, empirical, and "practical" in my later writings is partly due to considerations of this nature. It was a reaction against what was more natural, and it served as a protest and protection against something in myself which, in the pressure of the weight of actual experiences, I knew to be a weakness. It is, I suppose, becoming a commonplace that when anyone is unduly concerned with controversy, the remarks that seem to be directed against others are really concerned with a struggle that is going on inside himself. The marks, the stigmata, of the struggle to weld together the characteristics of a formal, theoretic interest and the material of a maturing experience of contacts with realities also showed themselves, naturally, in style of writing and manner of presentation. During the time when the schematic interest predominated, writing was comparatively easy; there were even compliments upon the clearness of my style. Since then thinking and writing have been hard work. It is easy to give way to the dialectic development of a theme; the pressure of concrete experiences was, however, sufficiently heavy, so that a sense of intellectual honesty prevented a surrender to that course. But, on the other hand, the formal interest persisted, so that there was an inner demand for an intellectual technique that would be consistent and yet capable of flexible adaptation to the concrete diversity of experienced things. It is hardly necessary to say that I have not been among those to whom the union of abilities to satisfy these two opposed requirements, the formal and the material, came easily. For that very reason I have been acutely aware, too much so, doubtless, of a tendency of other thinkers and writers to achieve a specious lucidity and simplicity by the mere process of ignoring considerations which a greater respect for concrete materials of experience would have forced upon them.

It is a commonplace of educational history that the opening of Johns Hopkins University marked a new epoch in higher education in the United States. We are probably not in a condition as yet to estimate the extent to which its foundation and the development of graduate schools in other universities, following its example, mark a turn in our American culture. The Eighties and Nineties seem to mark the definitive close of

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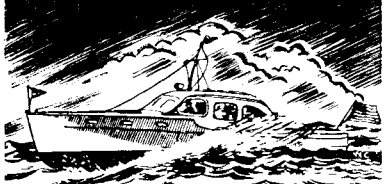

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our pioneer period, and the turn from the Civil War era into the new industrialized and commercial age. In philosophy, at least, the influence of Johns Hopkins was not due to the size of the provision that was made. There was a half-year of lecturing and seminar work given by Professor George Sylvester Morris, of the University of Michigan; belief in the "demonstrated" (a favorite word of his) truth of the substance of German idealism, and of belief in its competency to give direction to a life of aspiring thought, emotion, and action. I have never known a more single-hearted and whole-souled man—a man of a single piece all the way through; while I long since deviated from his philosophic faith, I should be happy to believe that the influence of the spirit of his teaching has been an enduring influence.

While it was impossible that a young and impressionable student, unacquainted with any system of thought that satisfied his head and heart, should not have been deeply affected, to the point of at least a temporary conversion, by the enthusiastic and scholarly devotion of Mr. Morris, this effect was far from being the only source of my own "Hegelianism." The Eighties and Nineties were a time of new ferment in English thought; the reaction against atomic individualism and sensationalistic empiricism was in full swing. It was the time of Thomas Hill Green, of the two Cairds, of Wallace, of the appearance of the "Essays in Philosophical Criticism," cooperatively produced by a younger group under the leadership of the late Lord Haldane. This movement was at the time the vital and constructive one in philosophy. Naturally its influence fell in with and reinforced that of Professor Morris. There was but one marked difference, and that, I think, was in favor of Mr. Morris. He came to Kant through Hegel instead of to Hegel by way of Kant, so that his attitude toward Kant was the critical one expressed by Hegel himself. Moreover, he retained something of his early Scotch philosophical training in a common-sense belief in the existence of the external world. He used to make merry over those who thought the *existence* of this world and of matter were things to be proved by philosophy. To him the only philosophical question was as to the *meaning* of this existence; his idealism was wholly of the objective type. Like his contemporary, Professor John Watson, of Kingston, he combined a logical and idealistic metaphysics with a realistic epistemology. Through his teacher at Berlin, Trendelenburg, he had acquired a great reverence for Aristotle, and he had no difficulty in uniting Aristoteleanism with Hegelianism.

There were, however, also "subjective" reasons for the appeal that Hegel's thought made to me; it supplied a demand for unification that was doubtless an intense emotional craving, and yet was a hunger that only an intellectualized subject matter could satisfy. It is more than difficult, it is impossible, to recover that early mood. But the sense of divisions and separations that were, I suppose, borne in upon me as a consequence of a heritage of New England culture, divisions by way of isolation of self from the world, of soul from body, of nature from God, brought a painful oppression—or, rather, they were an inward laceration. My earlier philosophic study had been an intellectual gymnastic. Hegel's synthesis of subject and object, matter and spirit, the divine and the human, was, however, no mere intellectual formula; it operated as an immense release, a liberation. Hegel's treatment of human culture, of institutions and the arts, involved the same dissolution of hard-and-fast dividing walls, and had a special attraction for me.

As I have already intimated, while the conflict of traditional religious beliefs with opinions that I could myself honestly entertain was the source of a trying personal crisis, it did not at any time constitute a leading philosophical problem. This might look as if the two things were kept apart; in reality it was due to a feeling that any genuinely sound religious experience could and should adapt itself to whatever beliefs one found oneself intellectually entitled to hold—a half unconscious sense at first, but one which ensuing years have deepened into a fundamental conviction. In consequence, while I have, I hope, a due degree of personal sympathy with individuals who are undergoing the throes of a personal change of attitude, I have not been able to attach much importance to religion as a philosophic problem; for the effect of that attachment seems to be in the end a subornation of candid philosophic thinking to the alleged but factitious needs of some special set of convictions. I have enough faith in the depth of the religious tendencies of men to believe that they will adapt themselves to any required intellectual change, and that it is futile (and likely to be dishonest) to forecast prematurely just what forms the religious interest will take as a final consequence of the great intellectual transformation that is going on. As I have been frequently criticized for



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undue reticence about the problems of religion, I insert this explanation: it seems to me that the great solicitude of many persons, professing belief in the universality of the need for religion, about the present and future of religion proves that in fact they are moved more by partisan interest in a particular religion than by interest in religious experience.

The chief reason, however, for inserting these remarks at this point is to bring out a contrast effect. Social interests and problems from an early period had to me the intellectual appeal and provided the intellectual sustenance that many seem to have found primarily in religious questions. In undergraduate days I had run across, in the college library, Harriet Martineau's exposition of Comte. I cannot remember that his law of "the three stages" affected me particularly; but his idea of the disorganized character of Western modern culture, due to a distintegrative "individualism," and his idea of a synthesis of science that should be a regulative method of an organized social life, impressed me deeply. I found, as I thought, the same criticisms combined with a deeper and more far-reaching integration in Hegel. I did not, in those days when I read Bacon, detect the origin of the Comtean idea in him, and I had not made acquaintance with Condorcet, the connecting link.

I drifted away from Hegelianism in the next fifteen years; the word "drifting" expresses the slow and, for a long time, imperceptible character of the movement, though it does not convey the impression that there was an adequate cause for the change. Nevertheless I should never think of ignoring, much less denying, what an astute critic occasionally refers to as a novel discovery—that acquaintance with Hegel has left a permanent deposit in my thinking. The form, the schematism, of his system now seems to me artificial to the last degree. But in the content of his ideas there is often an extraordinary depth; in many of his analyses, taken out of their mechanical dialectical setting, an extraordinary acuteness. Were it possible for me to be a devotee of any system, I still should believe that there is greater richness and greater variety of insight in Hegel than in any other single systematic philosopher—though when I say this I exclude Plato, who still provides my favorite philosophic reading. For I am unable to find in him that all-comprehensive and overriding system which later interpretation has, as it seems to me, conferred upon him as a dubious boon. The ancient skeptics overworked another aspect of Plato's thought when they treated him as their spiritual father, but they were


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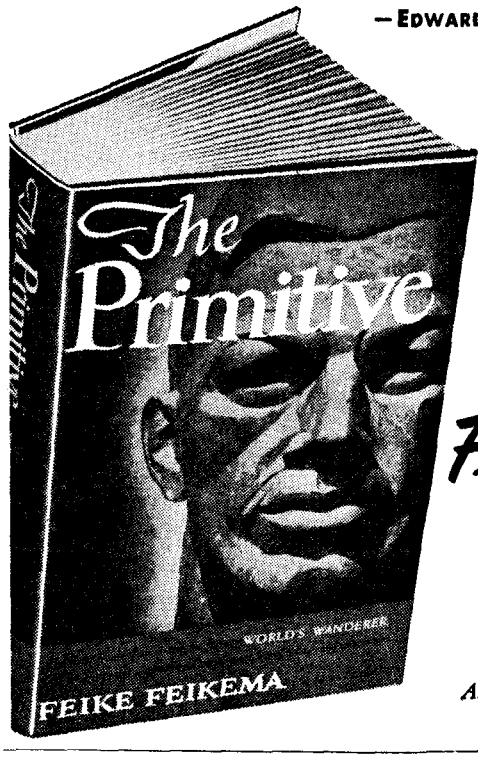


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nearer the truth, I think, than those who force him into the frame of a rigidly systematized doctrine. Although I have not the aversion to system as such that is sometimes attributed to me, I am dubious of my own ability to reach inclusive systematic unity, and in consequence, perhaps, of that fact also dubious about my contemporaries. Nothing could be more helpful to present philosophizing than a "Back to Plato" movement; but it would have to be back to the dramatic, restless, cooperatively inquiring Plato of the Dialogues, trying one mode of attack after another to see what it might yield; back to the Plato whose highest flight of metaphysics always terminated with a social and practical turn, and not to the artificial Plato constructed by unimaginative commentators who treat him as the original university professor.

The rest of the story of my intellectual development I am unable to record without more faking than I care to indulge in. What I have so far related is so far removed in time that I can talk about myself as another person; and much has faded, so that a few points stand out without my having to force them into the foreground. The philosopher, if I may apply that word to myself, that I became as I moved away from German idealism, is too much the self that I still am and is still too much in process of change to lend itself to record. I envy, up to a certain point, those who can write their intellectual biography in a unified pattern, woven out of a few distinctly discernible strands of interest and influence. By contrast, I seem to be unstable, chameleon-like, yielding one after another to many diverse and even incompatible influences; struggling to assimilate something from each and yet striving to carry it forward in a way that is logically consistent with what has been learned from its predecessors. Upon the whole, the forces that have influenced me have come from persons and from situations more than from books—not that I have not, I hope, learned a great deal from philosophical writings, but that what I have learned from them has been technical in comparison with what I have been forced to think upon and about because of some experience in which I found myself entangled. It is for this reason that I cannot say with candor that I envy completely, or envy beyond a certain point, those to whom I have referred. I like to think, though it may be a defense reaction, that with all the inconveniences of the road I have been forced to travel, it has the compensatory advantage of not inducing an immunity of thought to experiences—which perhaps, after all, should not be treated even by a philosopher as the germ of a disease to which he needs to develop resistance.

While I cannot write an account of intellectual development without giving it the semblance of a continuity that it does not in fact own, there are four special points that seem to stand out. One is the importance that the practice and theory of education have had for me: especially the education of the young, for I have never been able to feel much optimism regarding the possibilities of "higher" education when it is built upon warped and weak foundations. This interest fused with and brought together what might otherwise have been separate interests—that in psychology and that in social institutions and social life. I can recall but one critic who has suggested that my thinking has been too much permeated by interest in education. Although a book called "Democracy and Education" was for many years that in which my philosophy, such as it is, was most fully expounded, I do not know that philosophic critics, as distinct from teachers, have ever had recourse to it. I have wondered whether such facts signified that philosphers in general, although they are themselves usually teachers, have not taken education with sufficient seriousness for it to occur to them that any rational person could actually think it possible that philosophizing should focus about education as the supreme human interest in which, moreover, other problems, cosmological, moral, logical, come to a head. At all events, this handle is offered to any subsequent critic who may wish to lay hold of it.

A second point is that as my study and thinking progressed, I became more and more troubled by the intellectual scandal that seemed to me involved in the current (and traditional) dualism in logical standpoint and method between something called "science" on the one hand and something called "morals" on the other. I have long felt that the construction of a logic, that is, a method of effective inquiry, which would apply without abrupt breach of continuity to the fields designated by both of these words, is at once our needed theoretical solvent and the supply of our greatest practical want. This belief has had much more to do with the development of what I termed, for lack of a better word, "instrumentalism," than have most of the reasons that have been assigned.

The third point forms the great exception to what was said about no very fundamental vital influence issu-



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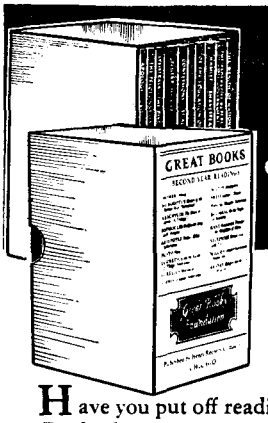
ing from books; it concerns the influence of William James. As far as I can discover one specifiable philosophic factor which entered into my thinking so as to give it a new direction and quality, it is this one. To say that it proceeded from his "Psychology" rather than from the essays collected in the volume called "Will to Believe," his "Pluralistic Universe," or "Pragmatism," is to say something that needs explanation. For there are, I think, two unreconciled strains in the "Psychology." One is found in the adoption of the subjective tenor of prior psychological tradition; even when the special tenets of that tradition are radically criticized, an underlying subjectivism is retained, at least in vocabulary—and the difficulty in finding a vocabulary which will intelligibly convey a genuinely new idea is perhaps the obstacle that most retards the easy progress of philosophy. I may cite as an illustration the substitution of the "stream of consciousness" for discrete elementary states; the advance made was enormous. Nevertheless the point of view remained that of a realm of consciousness set off by itself. The other strain is objective, having its roots in a return to the earlier biological conception of the psyche, but a return possessed of a new force and value due to the immense progress made by biology since the time of Aristole. I doubt if we have as yet begun to realize all that is due to William James for the introduction and use of this idea; as I have already intimated, I do not think that he fully and consistently realized it himself. Anyway, it worked its way more and more into all my ideas and acted as a ferment to transform old beliefs.

IF THIS biological conception and mode of approach had been prematurely hardened by James, its effect might have been merely to substitute one schematism for another. But it is not tautology to say that James's sense of life was itself vital. He had a profound sense, in origin artistic and moral, perhaps, rather than "scientific," of the difference between the categories of the living and of the mechanical; sometime, I think, someone may write an essay that will show how the most distinctive factors in his general philosophic view, pluralism, novelty, freedom, individuality, are all connected with his feeling for the qualities and traits of that which lives. Many philosophers have had much to say about the idea of organism; but they have taken it structurally and hence statically. It was reserved for James to think of life in terms of life in action. This point, and that about the objective biological factor in James's conception of thought (discrimination, abstraction, conception, generalization), is fundamental when the role of psychology in philosophy comes under consideration. It is true that the effect of its introduction into philosophy has often, usually, been to dilute and distort the latter. But that is because the psychology was bad psychology.

I do not mean that I think that in the end the connection of psychology with philosophy is, in the abstract, closer than is that of other branches of science. Logically, it stands on the same plane with them. But historically and at the present juncture the revolution introduced by James had, and still has, a peculiar significance. On the negative side it is important, for it is indispensable as a purge of the heavy charge of bad psychology that is so embedded in the philosophical tradition that is not generally recognized to be psychology at all. As an example, I would say that the problem of "sense data," which occupies such a great bulk in recent British thinking, has to my mind no significance other than as a survival of an old and outworn psychological doctrine—although those who deal with the problem are for the most part among those who stoutly assert the complete irrelevance of psychology to philosophy. On the positive side we have the obverse of this situation. The newer objective psychology supplies the easiest way, pedagogically if not in the abstract, by which to reach a fruitful conception of thought and its work, and thus to better our logical theories—provided thought and logic have anything to do with one another. And in the present state of men's minds the linking of philosophy to the significant issues of actual experience is facilitated by constant interaction with the methods and conclusions of psychology. The most abstract sciences, mathematics and physics, for example, have left their impress deep upon traditional philosophy. The former, in connection with an exaggerated anxiety about formal certainty, has more than once operated to divorce philosophic thinking from connection with questions that have a source in existence. The remoteness of psychology from such abstractions, its nearness to what is distinctively human, gives it an emphatic claim for a sympathetic hearing at the present time.

In connection with an increasing recognition of this human aspect, there developed the influence which forms the fourth heading of this recital. The objective biological approach of the Jamesian psychology led straight to the perception of the importance of distinctive social cate-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MILTON *Paradise Lost*
LOCKE *Essay Concerning Human Understanding* (Selections)
VOLTAIRE *Candide*
LAVOISIER *Elements of Chemistry* Book I
GIBBON *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* (Selections)
MILL *On Liberty*
THOREAU *Civil Disobedience; A Plea for Captain John Brown*
FREUD *Origin and Development of Psychoanalysis*

(Unless otherwise noted, each work is complete and unabridged.)

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gories, especially communication and participation. It is my conviction that a great deal of our philosophizing needs to be done over again from this point of view, and that there will ultimately result an integrated synthesis in a philosophy congruous with modern science and related to actual needs in education, morals, and religion. One has to take a broad survey in detachment from immediate prepossessions to realize the extent to which the characteristic traits of the science of today are connected with the development of social subjects—anthropology, history, politics, economics, language and literature, social and abnormal psychology, and so on. The movement is both so new, in an intellectual sense, and we are so much of it and it so much of us, that it escapes definite notice. Technically the influence of mathematics upon philosophy is more obvious; the great change that has taken place in recent years in the ruling ideas and methods of the physical sciences attracts attention much more easily than does the growth of the social subjects, just because it is farther away from impact upon us. Intellectual prophecy is dangerous; but if I read the cultural signs of the times aright, the next synthetic movement in philosophy will emerge when the significance of the social sciences and arts has become an object of reflective attention in the same way that mathematical and physical sciences have been made the objects of thought in the past, and when their full import is grasped. If I read these signs wrongly, nevertheless the statement may stand as a token of a factor significant in my own intellectual development.

In any case, I think it shows a deplorable deadness of imagination to suppose that philosophy will indefinitely revolve within the scope of the problems and systems that two thousand years of European history have bequeathed to us. Seen in the long perspective of the future, the whole of Western European history is a provincial episode. I do not expect to see in my day a genuine, as distinct from a forced and artificial, integration of thought. But a mind that is not too egotistically impatient can have faith that this unification will issue in its season. Meantime a chief task of those who call themselves philosophers is to help get rid of the useless lumber that blocks our highways of thought, and strive to make straight and open the paths that lead to the future. Forty years spent in wandering in a wilderness like that of the present is not a sad fate—unless one attempts to make himself believe that the wilderness is after all itself the promised land.

## HARVEST OF WISDOM

(*Continued from page 15*)

umes from his pen, which veritably shook the philosophic heavens with their echoes. In that single year 1929 appeared "The Quest for Certainty," "Experience and Nature," and "Character and Events." His eightieth anniversary came soon after the publication of his long-awaited "Logic, The Theory of Inquiry" in 1938. It is characteristic of Dewey that "Knowing and the Known," the book which chances to usher in his ninetieth-birthday festivities, should consist, not of warmed-over conclusions, but of close, technical spadework on the frontiers of logic, written in collaboration with a younger colleague in government rather than in philosophy. It would have been easier to have tackled in one's later eighties a less exacting set of problems than those of basic organization in the theory of knowledge, a task postponed from earlier years. But Dewey, the uncommon philosopher of the common man, has ever been the seeker rather than the shirker of momentous difficulties in philosophical research. It is safe to predict that the enterprises of his nineties will also be chosen for their urgency and not for their ease.

"Knowing and the Known" belongs to the sort of rigorous semantic analysis which reaches the general public only after a long process of filtering down from the world of specialists through their popular interpreters. It is composed of about a dozen connected articles which have appeared in philosophical journals during the last five years. Although only one chapter, that on "Common Sense and Science," is signed exclusively by Dewey, all of them should be considered as outgrowths of his "Logic," and the "transactional" point of view set forth was foreshadowed in his article "The Reflex Arc Concept in Psychology," published over a half a century ago, in 1896. In spite of the publisher's optimistic hope that the book will provide "powerful mental food for the alert layman," it is likely that most of the latter will find it literary hardtack, and will need sharp mental teeth and strong jaws.

What the authors are trying to do is to pass "from loose to firm namings" in the realm of inquiry. They are appalled and scandalized by the "linguistic chaos" in the works of eminent logicians, who are sharply rapped over the knuckles for their indulgence in metaphysical double-talk. By contrast, Dewey and Bentley propose to attack directly and naturalistically "the problem of sorting out and organizing words to things, and things to words," believing with C. S. Peirce that "it is wrong to say that a good language is *important* to good thought, merely; for it is of the essence of it." Aristotle surveyed word and thing together, but "focused on permanence." In the later Middle Ages, the two were split apart, still with an eye on permanence. The problem today is to do away with the gap between name and object by means of a "modern behavioral construction" which avoids the "post-Aristotelian dismemberment of man's naming activities from his named world, but which at the same time frees itself from Aristotle's classical demand for permanence in knowledge, and adapts itself to the modern view of science as in continuing growth."

From the reader's perspective, "The Wit and Wisdom of John Dewey" is a very different matter, as its title indicates. One might think that nothing could be simpler than to compile an anthology of aphorisms from the profuse writings of one who is personally as witty and wise as Dewey's intimates know him to be. But to be wise and witty in the flesh and on paper are not quite the same thing. Thus Professor A. H. Johnson, of the University of Western Ontario, who edited a similar collection from the works of Whitehead, found himself challenging the formidable tradition which has grown up about Dewey's style. In 1942, for example, Max Eastman declared that Dewey had "published 36 books and 815 articles and pamphlets—a pile twelve feet seven inches high—but if he ever wrote one 'quotable' sentence it has got permanently lost in the pile." In confirmation of this estimate, you will find no John Dewey entries in Bartlett or Stevenson or Mencken.

Nevertheless Professor Johnson insists that Dewey is "capable of expressing profound insights with sparkling brevity and clarity," offering in evidence about 270 brief excerpts, most of them only a sentence or two in length. Such old favorites as "While saints are engaged in introspection, burly sinners run the world" tend to strengthen his case. But no editor can make Dewey the writer, who is a confirmed contextualist, into an aphorist. Neither is he in the Broadway, rather than in the Vermont sense, a wit. But, after all, should not so rich a harvest of simple wisdom at ninety be enough?

*Harold A. Larrabee, Ichabod Spencer Professor of Philosophy at Union College, is the author of "Reliable Knowledge" and has recently edited "Selections from Bergson."*



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## AUTUMN GLEANINGS

FOR the elder members of the family Booth Tarkington's posthumous book, "Your Amiable Uncle" (Bobbs-Merrill), creates a feeling of nostalgia for a world that was and will never be again. It is a volume of letters written by the famous American to his three nephews, the Jameson boys, when he was traveling in France and Italy in 1903 and 1904. He illustrated them with pen and

ink sketches that depict, with humor and affection, the people and the places that he saw. It is the Paris and the Naples and Rome and Capri of before the First World War, gay and individual, passionately wooing the American tourist, partly through native graciousness and partly because he might become a source of income. The world that he saw is a vanished world, but its grace and its beauty belong in the record. To boys and girls these letters will be shrewd, amusing impressions and advice of the man who gave them Penrod and Willie Baxter. They will recognize the solemn "kidding" that went on between the boys in Indianapolis and their "amiable uncle." This is a book for them as well as for their elders.

Three important books are reviewed below: Nancy Barnhard's Bible, William Marshall Rush's story of an American Indian, and Kenneth Grahame's inimitable Bertie.

—MARY GOULD DAVIS.

*THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD: Stories from the Bible Pictured in Bible Lands. Arranged and Illustrated by Nancy Barnhard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* 263 *pp.* $4.50.

THE beauty and dignity in text and illustration of this new Bible for children will satisfy the most exacting book lover. The utmost care has obviously been taken to give it its great distinction. Little things, like the setting on the page of the drawings, show a thoughtful consideration for even the smallest detail. Miss Barnhard has followed the King James version in her simplification of the Old Testament and the New. The effect is to clarify the stories. She uses direct quotation for the Ten Commandments, some of the Psalms of David, and The Beatitudes. In the back are the references to the King James version, a list of the marginal sketches and of the source books that she consulted.

The drawings, beautifully placed and reproduced, appear on every page. Her characterization of the Old Testament characters is unusual and dramatic. David, dreaming among his sheep, David lifting the stone to throw at Goliath, Daniel—much younger than the usual portraits of him—sitting at ease surrounded by sleepy and benevolent lions, the child Samuel listening for the voice of the Lord, the strong, splendid head of Moses as he holds up the Commandments—these are pictures that will sink deep into the consciousness of boys and girls everywhere. With them are vivid drawings of the actual scene made by Miss Barnhard on her journey through the Holy Land. The book is bound in dark blue cloth with gold tooling. The end-papers, printed in brown, are memorable. It is a book that will have a lasting value, perhaps the most valuable book for children that has been published this year.

*THE TREASURE OF LI-PO. By Alice Ritchie. With Illustrations by T. Ritchie. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.* 154 *pp.* $2.

Here are six new stories from China in the old days when it was called the country of Han. They were first published in England where *The New Statesman* called them "a discovery. . . . they should never be allowed to go out of print." Perhaps children will like best the tale called "In the Far South West," about young Ku-Ling who traveled through the land of giants and the land of pigmies, through the land of sleep and the land of the Feathery People to get a magic medicine that would cure his father of a serious illness. To this reviewer the most distinguished is the one called "The Faithful Lantern-Bearer." The dialogue between Lee-Su and the mouse has a curious dignity and charm. Children always welcome new fairy tales. It is particularly heartening just now to have stories that contain both humor and beauty come from China. They are illustrated with full-page black and white drawings.

*RED FOX OF THE KINAPOO. By William Marshall Rush. Illustrated by Charles Banks Wilson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.* 279 *pp.* $2.75.

HERE, in the opinion of this reviewer, is one of the best American Indian stories that have been written in many a long day. It opens in 1872 with the hero, Red Fox, in an Oregon Indian school. Soon, and for plausible reasons, the boy returns to his tribe, the Nez Perce, and the ways of his people. Chief Joseph becomes his friend and his hero and when that truly great man is forced, for the sake of personal and tribal honor, to rebel against the white man the boy, as one of his scouts, follows him to victory and to inevitable defeat.

Chief Joseph, whose Indian name was Thunder Coming from the Water up Over the Land, was superior in peace and equal in war to his contemporary Sitting Bull. Since earliest days the Nez Perces had been true

*—From "The Lord Is My Shepherd."*



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friends of the whites and for forty years had tried faithfully to follow the teaching of the Oregon missionaries. Joseph's father was a convert of Henry Harmon Spalding, who went out to the new territory with Marcus Whitman. But steadily during those years the Nez Perces were cheated and robbed of their land, which had been guaranteed to them forever by one after another of the Presidents of the United States. Finally, when all had been taken from them and they were ordered to move to a reservation in Idaho and surrender the last of their independence, they stood up and fought, as any people worth their salt would have done. Calmly and without malice Joseph led his tribe on this last warpath. And he did it well.

Time after time his poorly armed warriors thrashed the troops of General O. O. Howard. When overwhelming reinforcements made further resistance suicide Joseph, to save the women and children of his people, executed a remarkable retreat of over a thousand miles in an attempt to reach asylum in Canada. But he failed. A few miles south of the border, completely surrounded and faced by ruthless destruction if he chose to fight again, he surrendered to Colonel Miles on October 5, 1877.

The story ends there, as it should. It is a grim and often bitter story for young people, but it rings true. The characterization is excellent, especially that of Joseph and his brother, Alokut. Perhaps the Indians and their way of life are a bit idealized. The author is, naturally, sharply prejudiced in favor of the red men. Yet he is able to see the viewpoint of the whites.

It is a worth-while book, well illustrated and edited.

—Merritt P. Allen.

*BERTIE'S ESCAPADE. By Kenneth Grahame. Illustrated by Ernest Shepard. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 42 pp. $1.50.*

TO SEE this little book is to long to possess it. Ernest Shepard has never made more appealing or funnier drawings. The title page alone is enough to make the book a thing to be treasured and passed on to a new generation. Bertie's Christmas escapade appeared first in "First Whisper of the Wind in the Willows," published in 1945. The original manuscript, in Kenneth Grahame's beautiful writing, is preserved in the Boedlian Library at Oxford. In this new edition for American boys and girls Bertie's story is printed in an especially nice type and the drawings are on every single page. It is bound in gray cloth and has a cover-jacket that shows Bertie with his two baskets of "illegal" goodies surrounded by a wreath of Christmas holly. Bertie, as almost everyone knows by now, is a pig who believes in "deeds not grunts." His companions on that famous night were two young rabbits and a mole who ran the underground elevator not far from Mr. Grahame's place of residence. It was from Mr. Grahame's pantry and wine cellar that Bertie took (a mild word for it but, as Bertie himself said, "Mr. Grahame was

—From "Bertie's Escapade."

a careless man,") the cold chicken, tongue, pressed beef, jellies, and champagne for the feast. Next morning the state of the pig sty and rabbit hutch was deplorable, but who cares about "the morning after"?

Nothing more need be said about this book. It is Kenneth Grahame and Ernest Shepard. Let us thank the gods—and the publishers—for it, buy a copy promptly because it is a book to own, not to borrow, and lay it carefully away until next Christmas Eve.

*STORM OF DANCERWOOD. By Joseph E. Chipperfield. Illustrated by Helen Torrey. New York: Longmans, Green & C. 309 pp. $3.*

This is an unusual dog story. Storm was bred in kennels in the West of England. He was an Alsatian, trained carefully by his master to herd sheep. But in him was the strain of the wild creatures and he turned to them and away from his allegiance to man. He became the protector of the foxes in their unending battle against the hunting dogs. In an individual and often beautiful prose the story of Storm's dual nature is told, against the background of forest and stream and moors. Storm is finally won back to man by a naturalist who is sensitive and understanding and infinitely patient. Wild creatures like old Raak the heron, Huicie the otter, Freya the blind vixen, and owls and rabbits are characters in Mr. Chipperfield's story.

It is a story that will appeal to older boys and girls who are sensitive to unusual writing and to wild life. The black and white drawings of animals and birds native to this part of England are convincing and lovely in design.

*LITTLE FLUTE PLAYER. By Jean Bothwell. Illustrated by Margaret Ayer. New York: William Morrow & Co. 159 pp. $2.*

This story will carry its young readers far away to the great plains of Northern India and into a life totally different from their own. They may not all be sensitive to the insistent poetic quality of the book, but they will assuredly be interested in the appealing story of ten-year-old Teka in his little village of Minapur. First they will get a clear picture of a close-knit family life in Teka's home, with the traditional family rituals.

In a home circle like this the cattle are such important members that they share one room in the house and are guarded and cared for in every phase of their lives. Beyond this, the reader sees how the whole pattern of life in this land depends upon the growing of grain for food, sowing and reaping, harvesting in joy or, if the grain is poor, in sorrow and anxiety. This is a slight book, but it can be recommended for its appealing story, its good background, and the charm inherent in its writing.

—Marion C. Dodd.

*SOMETHING OLD, SOMETHING NEW. By Dorothy Canfield. Illustrations by Mary Shipman. New York: William R. Scott. 192 pp. $2.50.*

IT IS not surprising that Dorothy Canfield, with her record as a citizen of these United States and her inheritance, has made these stories so moving and so deeply American. Some of them are stories of her ancestors —pioneers of Vermont. A soldier in the Revolutionary War eats an apple in the Vermont woods and, from one of the seeds, a tree grows among the New England pines and is there to this day. At the town celebration on Decoration Day grandfather tells the story of Jedediah Chillingworth and the moose—a tale with a clever twist to it and a good share of New England humor. On another Decoration Day an old Hessian soldier is the guest of honor although the townspeople knew that he had been once an enemy, not a friend, of America. A new pioneer from the war-torn Austria of today says a prayer in her halting English that expresses for the school's Thanksgiving celebration the real meaning of being thankful for freedom and security.

The tale that the children will prob-



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ably like best is the thrilling story of how Aunt Hannah "bossed" the old Indian's "witch-cure" of lovely Ann Mary, who was "going into a decline." This is a love story, and it ends happily for Ann Mary and triumphantly for Aunt Hannah. All of the stories are as real and as tasty as the maple sugar that Aunt Hannah sprinkled on the cornmeal mush. For that the children will read and enjoy them. But in them, too, is the spirit of the American dream. It shines out of them so clearly that it seems to drive away the clouds of doubt and indecision that beset the America of today. This is a grand book. It will have a long and happy life.

*TREASURE MOUNTAIN. By Evelyn Sibley Lampman. Illustrated by Richard Bennett. New York: Doubleday & Co. 207 pp. $2.50.*

It is good to have a story of American Indians in a modern setting that is as convincing and as interesting as this one is. It is based on a legend of a treasure buried by pirates in the late eighteenth century on the coast of Oregon. Hoxie and Irene Chubfish are two Indian children who live in a Government orphanage. They come to spend the summer with a great-aunt, Della Sisson, who is a member of the Nehalem tribe. It is Della who makes the story unusual. She is the only member of the tribe left, but modern ways have not changed her. She lives in the old way in her little house by the river. Hoxie is definitely modern, but he and old Della learn to respect and understand one another. In her speech, in her faith in the ancient gods, in her attitude toward the village people and toward the two children of her own blood Della is a consistent and fascinating character. Hoxie and Irene, too, are very well drawn. It is a good story.

Boys and girls who read it will long remember its characters. Richard Bennett has made some full-page drawings and chapter headings that give authentic glimpses of the Oregon setting.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 812)

H. A. OVERSTREET: *THE MATURE MIND*

Where there is no maturity there is no vision. . . . We realize that the evils of our life come not from deep evils within us, but from ungrown-up responses to life. Our obligation, then, is to grow up. . . . This is what may yet be the saving of us.

# The Film Forum

***THE FILM BOOKSHELF***

***The Saturday Review*'s Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

*FILM TECHNIQUE AND FILM ACTING. By V. I. Pudovkin. New York: Lear Publishers. 384 pp. $3.75.*

PUBLISHED abroad in 1929 and 1933, respectively, this is the first American edition of these two works which are considered the earliest important writing on film form. In "Film Technique" Pudovkin advised film students on the writing and editing of the scenario, the relationship of the director to the scenario, actor, and cameraman. "Film Acting," taking into account the fact that the sound film was here to stay, studied the relationship of theatre and cinema, the special demands which film makes upon the actor, and the ways in which the director can help the actor to create a unified, "absorbed" role despite the disconnected shooting required in film-making.

Throughout both volumes emphasis is on the concept of montage—"the construction of a scene from pieces, a sequence from scenes, and a reel from sequences, and so forth." This "creative editing" must present every object upon the screen so that "it shall have not *photographic*, but *cinematographic* essence." Taking examples from his own film works ("Mother," "The End of St. Petersburg," "Deserter"), and from the works of Eisenstein, Griffith, Von Stroheim, and Kuleshov, the author formulates basic principles of film-making which have profoundly influenced serious producers, critics, and students.

The book itself, or the two books bound together, comprises chapters which were originally published separately, or delivered as separate lectures before Soviet film student groups. For that reason there is more unfunctional repetition and less continuity of thought than Pudovkin himself would ever have recommended. Though many of the references are lost upon this younger movie-going generation (and despite the constant and almost ludicrous use of the "worker hero" image), the book is a noteworthy addition to the American film library.

*FILM NOTES, Part I, The Silent Film. New York: Bulletin of the Museum of Modern Art. Vol. XVI, Nos. 2-3. 68 pp. 60¢.*

Some of the films which Pudovkin wrote about, and many others which have played equally important roles in film history, are annotated in this paper-bound booklet. "The notes are obviously tentative and incomplete," Iris Barry writes in the foreword. "They waver between information and comment, present approaches and enthusiasms as different as the people who wrote them." Yet there is enough continuity in the running commentary to link the notes together into a valuable guide to the silent film.

From the early Edison Company films ("The Execution of Mary Queen of Scots," 1893-94) to Carl Dreyer's "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (1928), the notes revive such memorable film occasions as "The Great Train Robbery" (1903); Méliès' "A Trip to the Moon" (1902); Griffith's "The Birth of a Nation" (1915) and "Intolerance" (1916), to name but a few.

Most of these films are rented on 16mm. by the Museum's Film Library, but, unfortunately, only to educational institutions for educational purposes. A catalogue of available films may be obtained from the Museum of Modern Art Film Library, 11 West 53rd St., NYC.

*AUDIO-VISUAL SCHOOL LIBRARY SERVICE, A Handbook for Librarians. By Margaret I. Rufsvold. Chicago: American Library Assn. 116 pp. $2.75.*

Librarians as well as teachers are now facing new problems in dealing with educational films and other non-book materials. This volume, drawing upon other educational studies about the use of audio-visual materials in the school, presents its findings more concisely and clearly than has yet been done. It considers the selection and use of 16mm. films, filmstrips, slides, recordings and transcriptions, radio and television, charts, maps, and still pictures, as well as the equipment needed for their use and storage. Other chapters deal briefly and sensibly with special problems of indexing and circulating the materials, housing and equipping the audio-visual center, and budgets and expenditures. Basic criteria are suggested for evaluating the materials; and there are helpful book, periodical, and film lists, as well as appendices listing producers and distributors of the various items. If the book is used as intelligently as it was prepared, librarians and teachers alike will find it useful.

Among the hundreds of information sources listed in the book, there seems to be a minimum of errors. It is unfortunate, however, that incorrect addresses were given for both *The Saturday Review* and the Museum of Modern Art.

*THE INFORMATION FILM. By Gloria Waldron. New York: Columbia University Press. 281 pp. $3.75.*

A report of the Public Library inquiry on non-theatrical films for adults, to be reviewed fully in a subsequent issue of *The Saturday Review*. —CECILE STARR.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.



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# the Phoenix Nest

## PSYCHODRAMA

SEPTEMBER is a dream,
October is one, too,
Encroaching on the sleep
Of trees too old to keep
Their green-grown consciousness
Awake the autumn through.

September paints the walls,
October daubs as well
The twilight frescoes where
The manic leaves appear
Phantasmagorial
Like murals found in hell.

September is a mood,
October is one, too,
That frees subconsciously
The prisoned fluency
Of tongue-tied trees to tell
Their flaming interview.

—HAROLD ZLOTNIK.

* * *

## NO WORDS

Once upon a time, not so long ago, there was a little girl who did not get along with the English language, or any other, because she had many ideals that she could not pin down for the lack of proper words. Deep inside her was a painful sensation that she could not name.

She became difficult for ordinary people to talk with. When she was asked, "How are you?" she could not bring herself to say, "I am very well, thank you, and you?" in the acceptable manner. She was more likely to say, "I feel like a rainy autumn night when a gray-white and ghostly light is reflected from the sweet, creamy clouds."

The people, who hadn't really cared how she felt at all but who could think of no better way to start off a conversation, put her down as crazy. The girl changed her reply to, "There are not words to express what I feel."

This attitude annoyed her teachers.

"Of course there are words to express your feelings. The poets found them. *You* just won't look for them."

So she read the dictionary from cover to cover, but she found no miraculous words that would satisfy the hard knot of nothingness within her; the knot that was the real Her.

Then she tried paint and music, but she was helpless with a brush and hopeless with a tune. Suddenly a beautiful thought came to her: she would write her own language. This she did. So well did her words serve her purpose, so quickly did they do away with the sense of unbearable frustration that goaded her, that she lived in a state of perfect peace with herself until she bravely replied,

"Arva mena nenen embrin," to a man who asked her how she was.

The man said, "Huhn?"

"Those are sounds of well-being in my language," she explained patiently.

"Yeah? Wull, just what do they mean in English?"

"There are no words to expre . . ." The little girl stopped in the middle of her sentence. The lump was back and she burst into tears.

—ALICE WIRTH.

* * *

## WORLD SERIES

A radio barks
from a hardware store,
men gather in arcs
circling the door.

A man named Hector,
a guy called Steve,
a bank director,
a gob on leave.

A sophomore's there
from senior high,
a lick of hair
down over one eye.

The seventh inning,
two men on bases:
a spark beginning
to light the faces.

A shared suspense,
no stir or rustle,
the listeners tense
in every muscle.

A touch of grace,
each with the others:
for a tenuous space
all men are brothers.

—KATHARINE O'BRIEN.

* * *

## DEATH OF A GREAT LADY

She was as still as fallen snow
Most exquisitely dull,
With gracious smile she waited
For nothing to befall.

As slowly as derivatives
Evolve from antique verbs,
Her thread of days unwound iself
In unimportant words.

Like ashes emberless at dawn
Her slender self now lies,
In cold, gray splendor, unperplexed
Before our probing eyes.

In regard to the above poem, I wish I could discover who sent it in. I have several others obviously by the same person, and none of them has name or address upon it. O contributors, watch your step!

* * *

## NOTE TO MR. JAFFRAY

You have made good sport
Of philately,
But Dickens, I see,
Is not your *forte*.

Though you had to rummage
For rime and meter,
The "lone lorn creetur' "
Is Mrs. Gummidge.

—ANN GOSSMANN.

* * *

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

---

## *Erratum*

In *SRL* October 15 the biographical sketch on Margaret Mead, author of "Male and Female," insufficiently identified her husband, Gregory Bateson, senior author of "Balinese Character," as a photographer. Dr. Bateson is, of course, an anthropologist of note as well. Dr. Mead is writing a book comparing her findings on Balinese children with Arnold Gesell's on American children. The work will not be a collaboration, as erroneously stated.



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*(Continued on page 50)*



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## PERSONALS

(Continued from page 49)

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## PERSONALS

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MATHEMATICAL INTROVERT, lonely, humorless, craves correspondence with outgoing professional lady of stimulating, generous nature. Box 484-A.

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## PERSONALS

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PRETTY NICE, young lady hopes gay-hearted adult gentleman reads this (and corresponds). Box 526-A.

VERSATILE CAPABLE COUPLE, thoroughly responsible, New England background, would like interesting position for winter season. Wife is registered nurse, also good cook. Husband, experienced teacher, skilled with tools. Have summer business. References. Box 524-A.

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# DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 813

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

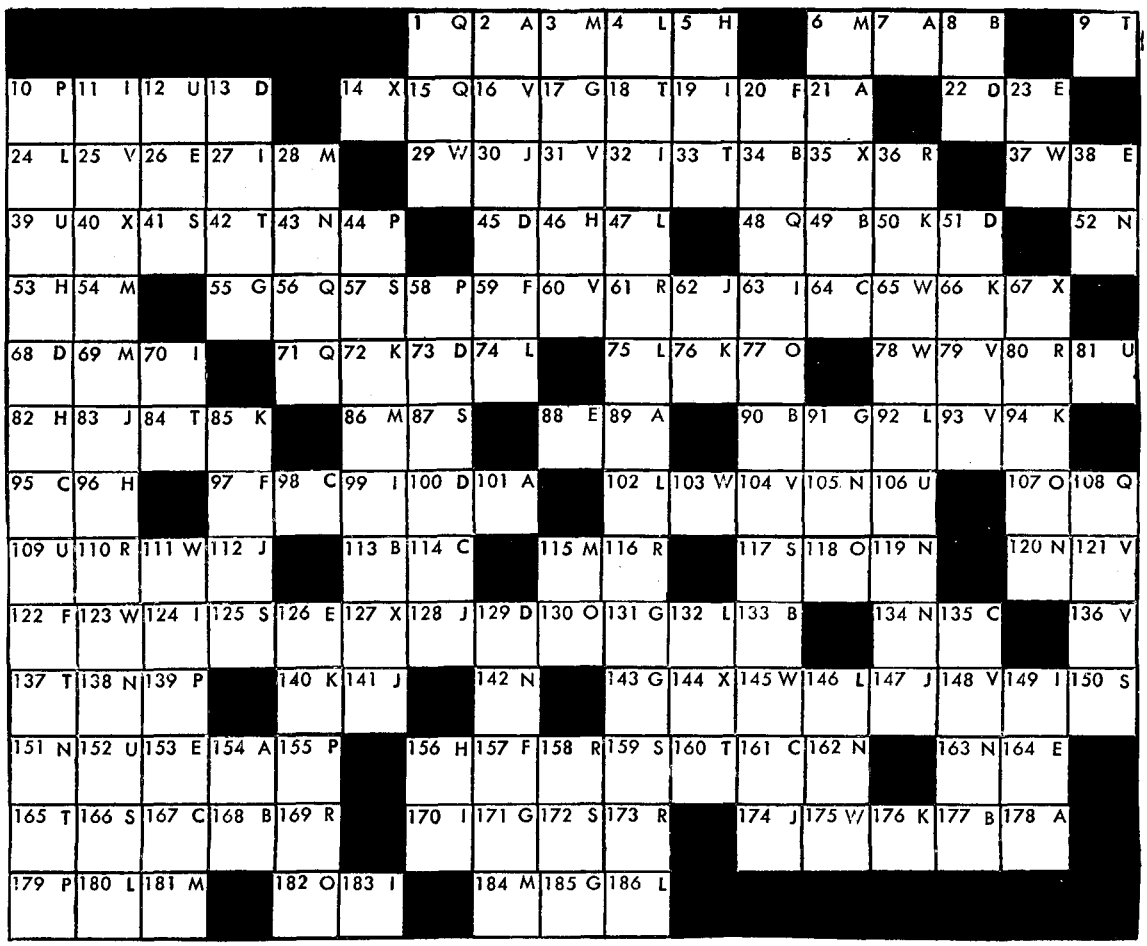
| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. Any clumsy coasting or cargo vessel. | 101 21 2 178 7 89 154 |
| B. Mountain in Southern Alps, South Island, N. Z., 9,250 ft. high. | 8 113 49 177 133 168 34 90 |
| C. Orator and statesman who delivered the address at Gettysburg with Lincoln. | 167 98 135 64 161 95 114 |
| D. Collection of eleven old Welsh prose romances, etc. (var. sp.). | 51 129 68 22 45 73 13 100 |
| E. American woman philanthropist, giver to New York University of the Hall of Fame, etc. (1868-1938). | 23 88 164 126 153 38 26 |
| F. Current American woman author ("Riders of the Wind," etc.). | 59 157 97 122 20 |
| G. Deductively (logic; Latin phrase). | 91 17 55 131 185 143 171 |
| H. Former treaty port in Hunan province, China. | 5 46 82 53 96 156 |
| I. Poem by Tennyson based on an episode in the Odyssey (comp.; with "The"). | 170 99 70 11 19 124 63 149 27 183 32 |
| J. Mountain region in Switzerland (Bern, Unterwalden, and Uri cantons). | 30 174 141 128 147 83 62 112 |
| K. Crookedness, or curvature, esp. of the legs (med.). | 72 76 66 140 50 94 176 85 |

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| L. Great-grandson of Queen Victoria, British Naval and military leader, last Viceroy of India. | 74 146 24 92 75 102 4 186 47 132 180 |
| M. To etch inefficiently (etching). | 69 184 3 181 28 115 86 6 54 |
| N. German battleship sunk by Allies in World War II, named for Prussian general chief of staff against Napoleon. | 119 120 134 142 162 105 163 151 43 138 52 |
| O. A division of the Western Finns. | 118 107 182 130 77 |
| P. Nickname for the State of South Dakota. | 58 179 155 10 139 44 |
| Q. Taffy (chiefly Brit.). | 1 15 48 71 56 108 |
| R. Gathered, or dredged for, a certain popular succulent marine bivalve. | 61 116 169 36 158 110 173 80 |
| S. Temporary expedient. | 125 57 172 166 41 117 150 87 159 |
| T. Having undergone little erosion; said of rivers, etc. (phys. geog.). | 9 18 42 33 160 165 137 84 |
| U. A machine in which physical power is applied to produce desired physical effects. | 109 152 106 81 12 39 |
| V. Any material that may be used in attack or defense. | 79 16 136 148 25 60 93 104 121 31 |
| W. Sensory (physiol. and psychol.). | 78 103 29 175 37 123 65 145 111 |
| X. Round teacckes originally made on a griddle and cut in quadrants. | 67 14 127 35 144 40 |

## DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.*

*When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).*






Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 47 of this issue.

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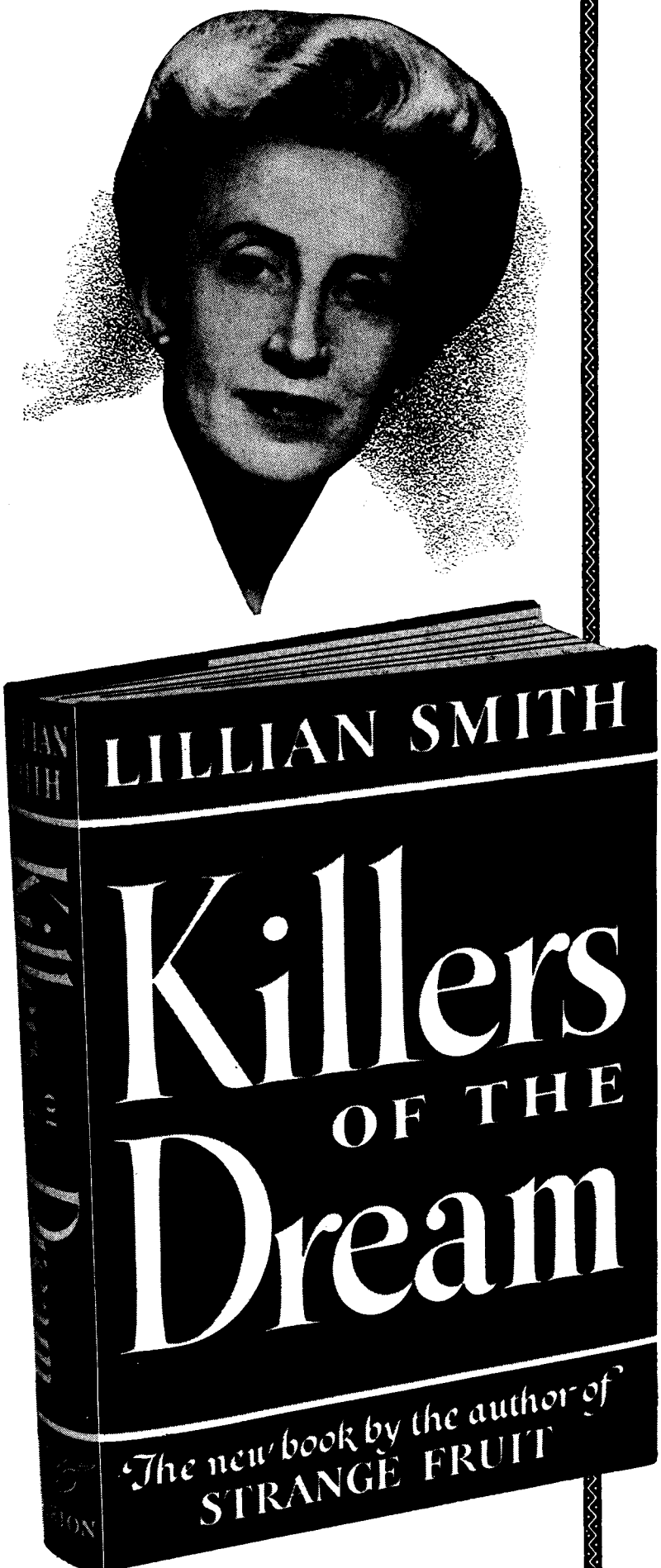


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